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The Confessions of a Golf Crank — *Rev. Edward McArthur Noyes*

Abel's Temptation—a Parable — *Rev. George H. Hubbard*

Deacons — *Rev. W. L. Anderson, D. D.*

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Old Home Week Celebrations

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NINETY-NINTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT, JANUARY, 1903

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks	$427,046.49
Special Deposits in Trust Companies	545,527.84
Real Estate	1,593,892.06
United States Bonds	2,040,000.00
State and City Bonds	2,869,000.00
Railroad Bonds	1,375,430.00
Water and Gas Bonds and Stocks	519,000.00
Railroad Stocks	6,174,550.00
Bank and Trust Co. Stocks	456,250.00
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate	112,750.00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents	985,872.94
Interest due and accrued on 1st January, 1903	9,315.79
	$17,108,635.12

LIABILITIES.

Cash Capital	$3,000,000.00
Reserve Premium Fund	5,986,972.00
Unpaid Losses	757,114.48
Unpaid Re-Insurance, and other claims	858,666.95
Reserve for Taxes	75,000.00
Net Surplus	6,436,086.69
	$17,108,635.12
Surplus as regards Policy-holders	$9,436,086.69

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THE CONGREGATIONALIST

and Christian World

Saturday
8 August 1903

Volume LXXXVIII
Number 32

Event and Comment

The Northfield General Conference

Last Sunday at Northfield was considered the most notable first Sunday in the history of the August conferences, of which the present is the twenty-first in an annual succession. The attendance was larger and the platform addresses stimulating. A decidedly foreign complexion was given to the opening days of the conference through the prominent participation of Mr. Campbell, Rev. Griffith Thomas, also of London, and Prof. James Orr of Scotland, but this circumstance was a coincidence rather than a designed characteristic of this year's assemblage. Later in the session, which continues until Aug. 17, a number of well-known and popular American speakers are to be heard. Indeed the pre-eminent desire of Mr. William R. Moody, who conducts the meetings, is to make the platform catholic and representative of all shades of thought, English and American. He dislikes to have Northfield identified in the public mind with any distinct type of religious teaching. We hope that there will be a large response on the part of churches and their pastors to the rare spiritual opportunities which Northfield at this season provides.

Open-Air Services

A marked increase in evangelistic work by tent meetings in cities and in places of resort is noticeable in many parts of the country. Philadelphia probably has more of this work than any other city. By request of the Presbyterian Evangelistic Committee, statistics were gathered Sunday, July 26, in all parts of the city by the chief of police and his assistants. It was found that 127 meetings were held with an aggregate attendance of about 25,000 people. These meetings were conducted by 22 organizations representing almost as many denominations. Methodists were in charge of 24 services, Presbyterians and the Salvation Army each had 22, Baptists 19, and the remainder were credited to various bodies. Sixteen tents accommodated 22 services and 101 were held in the open air. It is believed that more good is accomplished by a large number of meetings than by a few attended by the same number of people. While no exact results can be tabulated from this giving the message of the gospel to those outside the usual bounds of church work, there is evidence that it is fruitful in conversions.

Ministers' Salaries Again

While the subject of teachers' salaries is being freshly agitated, it may be well to enter another plea in behalf of ministers. Much of what has been so appropriately said regarding the just claims of teachers to greater consideration, may be appropriately repeated with ministers in view. Indeed, some of the addresses at the recent teachers' federation meeting in Boston, might with very little editing serve as campaign documents for the ministers. For example, William McAndrew, principal of the Girls Technical High School in New York, said:

> To any sane person who has noticed the increase of the cost of living in America in the past twenty-five years, who has seen the wages for all other service go from fifty per cent. to 200 per cent. higher, there cannot be a shadow of a doubt that the teachers of today, if they acknowledge any devotion whatever to this most essential of public duties, must band together now and work for such scales of wages as will enable them to render to the schools of America the very best service that can possibly be obtained.

Substitute in the above quotation preachers for teachers and churches for schools, and see how it reads. Principal McAndrew goes on to say:

> Put in charge of your classrooms your brightest, freshest, manliest men, your handsomest, ablest, most charming women; then encourage and enable them to stay so; to grow more able, more broad-minded, more handsome, more charming, more confident, more enthusiastic, more respected, more anxious to render, not ascetic, resigned and sorrowing missionary labor, but joyful, grateful, red-blooded service, to the glory of this republic.

We commend the careful perusal of these extracts with the emendations suggested to church prudential committees and boards of trustees.

A Convention of Southern Congregationalists

A number of leaders of our colored churches meeting in Atlanta about a year ago expressed a desire for a national convention of Congregational workers among the colored people. A committee was appointed, of which Rev. H. H. Proctor is chairman, to correspond with the churches and if deemed advisable to plan for the convention. Hearty responses were received from them and the majority expressed preference for Atlanta as the place of meeting. The committee met last June in New Orleans and prepared a comprehensive, practical program. The object of the convention is set forth as: "To strengthen the feeling of fellowship among the churches, and between the churches and schools; to consider the subjects of self-support and church extension; to discuss the fundamental principles of our Congregational polity and to cultivate denominational loyalty together with fraternal relations with all other households of faith; to seek fuller knowledge of our national benevolent and missionary societies with the view of closer relations with them, and to confer together upon any subject affecting our internal development or external relations." Each colored church and school is invited to be represented by at least three delegates. Reduced rates on railroads have been secured. The moderator of the National Council, the secretaries of the benevolent societies, editors of our denominational newspapers, with many other Congregational leaders have been invited. Responses are favorable and the prospect is good for a large meeting. It is to be held Sept. 19–23, at the time of the return of teachers to their schools, and Atlanta is a convenient point on their way. In many cases the workers are isolated and sometimes discouraged. This meeting will bring them together, impart enthusiasm and give an opportunity to formulate a different policy. Rev. H. H. Proctor of Atlanta is chairman, Dr. George W. Henderson, New Orleans, secretary, and Rev. F. W. Sims, Memphis, treasurer.

Education and Foreign Missions

Fifty years ago it was the policy of the American Board not to educate but to evangelize, for its leaders did not regard education as essential to the Christianization of heathen nations, except in so far as to enable them to understand the terms of the gospel. In the middle of the last century a deputation of the Board closed all the schools in India and Ceylon for native pupils of a higher grade on the ground that it was no part of missionary work to provide advanced training for natives. The same policy was pursued by the Board in other countries, greatly to the distress of those who had most thoroughly studied missionary problems on the ground. We remember the emphasis with which the venerable Dr. Van Dyck said to us in Beirut that the deputation of the board which was sent to the East half a century ago in support of this policy put back the progress of Christianity in the Levant at least twenty-five years. He knew that preaching by foreigners was not sufficient to change the religious ideas of a people; that it was necessary to create an atmosphere in which Christian truth could find expression, that pupils in Christian schools carried the light of truth into Oriental homes more effectively than American preachers could do and that trained native teachers and ministers were necessary to the permanent establishment of Christianity.

American Board Colleges

The Board is now fully committed to the policy of education as essential to evangelization. For a whole generation it has been increasing and strengthening its schools and colleges. From these institutions of higher education have gone forth many Christian young men and women who have gained positions of influence in professional, official and business life as well as in teaching and in the ministry. It is, however, a distinct step in advance which the Prudential Committee has taken, as announced in the August *Missionary Herald*, in setting apart as a higher education department its twelve colleges and twelve theological schools in the various countries where it is carrying on Christian missions. These schools are hereafter to be provided as far as possible by funds specifically reserved for that purpose. In addition to the tuition fees and gifts of natives, the cost to the Board per year for maintaining these institutions is $49,000. This provides at present for the education of 2,528 young men in schools administered and taught by forty-six American missionaries and 144 native Christian professors and instructors. This is a very small expenditure as compared with the work accomplished. It should be counted a privilege for our churches to raise this sum apart from their contributions to the general work of the Board.

The Secretaryship of the English Congregational Union

The vacancy made by the death of the late Secretary W. J. Woods of the Congregational Union of England and Wales seems likely to be filled by the choice of Principal J. A. Mitchell of Nottingham theological college. The General Committee has voted unanimously to nominate him to the autumn meeting at Bournemouth, Oct. 13. Principal Mitchell is said to be admirably fitted for the position, which is one of the most important in English Congregationalism. The secretary is charged with greater responsibilies and comes in closer relations with the churches than the secretary of our National Council does. But it would be much to the advantage of American Congregationalism if its national secretary, in addition to the collection of statistics for the Year-Book, the clerical service for the provisional committee and for the arrangement of the triennial meeting, should also represent our denomination in promoting its expansion, giving information and distributing literature concerning its character and work, and counsel to churches in need of guidance.

Union of Theological Schools

English Congregationalists have eight theological colleges. There is even less excuse for so many schools for training ministers in so small a territory than for Congregationalists in New England to have four. The whole number of students could better be provided for at one institution, as at Mansfield College where they would have the advantages of Oxford University. No doctrinal peculiarities separate these schools, only the traditions and associations that make graduates, faculties and trustees reluctant to merge their institutions into others. A movement is in progress, which has met considerable opposition, to unite Cheshunt and Hackney Colleges, and to affiliate them with the teaching staff of New College. The trustees of Cheshunt have voted that it is expedient to take steps toward union, that a new name should be adopted, and that in order to carry out the plan it will be necessary to remove Cheshunt to London. The matter is next to be referred to a meeting of the subscribers in the autumn. Some combination of theological schools seems to be inevitable in England and in this country, in the interest both of economy and efficiency. The present requirements for training men for the ministry cannot be met by isolated institutions attended by a handful of students.

The Office and Work of Deacons

Some time ago the *Watchman* reported that in one of the Baptist Associations of Massachusetts the deacons had organized and were holding meetings at stated times to consider the historic office and present work of the diaconate. We would like to report many such organizations. Often we are asked by some one newly elected to this office what its duties really are. Sometimes we are advised that the position is held in such low esteem that it is difficult to find suitable men to take it. Occasionally a tried pastor seeks to express his opinion of deacons anonymously through the columns of *The Congregationalist*. Quite as often deacons send us their views of pastors. On another page a New Hampshire pastor willingly appends his name to an estimate of the diaconate which honors himself and those who serve with him. The work of the deacon is not clearly defined in our churches, nor is the office generally honored as it should be. In England it ranks higher and carries greater responsibilities than with us. The service of the Lord's table is only one of the duties of the deacons. As advisers of the pastor, administrators of the spiritual affairs of the church and to some extent of its temporal affairs, and as ministers to the sick, the poor and the troubled, their opportunities are great and require not only natural aptitude but training and experience. There are some biographies of eminent deacons, but they are mostly out of print. There may be books of counsel and direction for them, but if so, they are not known to us. Let us cultivate more wisely the diaconate of Congregational churches.

Church Unity in Australia

The Jubilee of Congregationalism in Queensland was celebrated by a series of interesting and successful meetings which extended over nearly a fortnight, and were held in twe centers—Brisbane (the capital) and Ipswich. There were 175 delegates, and every state of the commonwealth was represented as well as New Zealand. The burning question before the conference was interdenominational federation, with special reference to the proposals for union which have come from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Australia. Upon this question there was marked difference of opinion; but a kind of truce of God was agreed upon. A noncommittal motion was passed, recommending that no final decision should be come to by the several states until the Australasian Conference (which meets in 1905) should have an opportunity of considering the matter. Statistics read at the conference showed that, while in the thirty years ending with 1901 the professed adherents of the Church of England had risen from 39.1 per cent. of the population to 40.5 per cent., the professed adherents of Congregationalism, had fallen from 2.4 per cent. to 1.8 per cent. These statements give no account of the latest figures for western Australia, in which state of recent years the growth has been phenomenally large and out of all proportion to the growth of the population.

No Prize-Fighting for Canada

A measure forbidding fighting contests "with or without gloves" was read in the Dominion Parliament last week, and should it become law, no doubt a distinction will be made between the five-ounce gloves used by pugilists, and the thick padded ones with which many gymnasiums are supplied. Two important decisions were also given on the same day to the effect that present law will be maintained at two points where fighting has become notorious. One is at Maisonneuve, a suburb of Montreal, where the chief of the Provincial detective force has taken action to prevent further contests. The other is at Fort Erie, the resort of professional sports from Buffalo and other points, who have been unable to follow the ring in their own state. It will therefore be gratifying to law-abiding people on both sides of the line that the police magistrate has brought judgment against the manager of the International Athletic Club for promoting a fight a short time ago, and has stated his determination to see that the law is observed in the future.

The World of Graft

The Federal grand jury of the District of Columbia has returned seven more indictments involving nine persons charged with conspiracy and bribery in connection with administration of Federal postal business. In four of the indictments A. W. Machen, previously indicted by the grand jury on other evidence, is a party. Among others who must clear themselves are residents of Baltimore, Toledo and Washington, and the mayor of Lockhaven, Pa. Mr. Machen for many years was the head of the free delivery service of the Post Office Department, and as such made contracts for postal supplies with the others named in these indictments by which he shared in the "rake off," which was the difference between what the supplies cost plus a reasonable profit and the amount which the Government paid with Machen's connivance. Five members of the municipal legislature of St. Louis, four of whom had been convicted of bribery and one of perjury in connection with municipal franchise deals, were sentenced to imprisonment last week, for terms varying from four to six years. The conviction of Lawrence Murphy, ex-treasurer of the Journeymen Stone Cutters' Union of New

York city, and his sentence to State's Prison for five years and six months by Judge Newburger, comes as a fortunate finish to a trial which has opened the eyes of the country to the extent to which dishonest officials of labor unions in the metropolis have blackmailed employers of labor and the cravenness with which the latter have submitted to the plundering.

The Area of Cupidity No one for a moment supposes that the evil is restricted to New York city, and District Attorney Jerome of New York, last week, in an informing interview on some of the legal aspects of the effort to deal with this evil of blackmail and "graft," did not hesitate to say that "everybody who has thought at all about public life in this country has been appalled by the soddenness which is the general rule in federal, state and local officials." We are not prepared to make as wholesale an indictment as this; but we do feel, as we tried to make clear in our recent editorial (June 20) on Graft, that never was there more need of clean-cut ethical teaching by the pulpit and the press than at the present time, nor greater need of courage, celerity and severity on the part of judges, juries and officials charged with the arrest, trial and condemnation of criminals, whether high or low, capitalists or laborers, exponents of the craft of greed or of the brutality of greed.

Increase of Consumption of Liquors and Tobacco The total collections of the Federal treasury for the year ending June 30, from internal revenue amounted to $230,740,382, a decrease of $41,127,607. This was due not to any marked diminution in consumption, but to a lessening of the rates of taxation from those assessed during the Spanish War. Congress estimated that the altered rate of taxation would diminish the revenue from this source at least $70,000,000, but the increased consumption of taxed articles has been so great as to lessen much the expected decrease. For instance, the consumption of spirits of all kinds increased 9,615,820 gallons during the past year, and the consumption of fermented liquors increased 2,171,898 barrels over the previous year and 9,157,427 barrels over the consumption of 1898. Tax receipts from tobacco during the past year amounted to $43,514,810, a decrease of $8,423,114 as compared with the previous year; but the number of cigars smoked during the year reached the enormous total of 6,786,390,533, an increase over the previous year of 682,823,268; and the number of cigarettes smoked during 1902-1903 was 3,031,893,732, an increase of 388,931,788 over 1901-1902.

Revenue and Ethics The Government reports do not indicate how much of the spirits consumed were used in the arts and how much in beverages. If they did it would be easier to say whether use of alcohol as a drink were increasing or decreasing among us, relatively speaking. That the use, absolutely considered, is greater, it is impossible to deny. Were the Government to lessen the present high rate of taxation on imported alcohol it unquestionably would aid many of our manufacturers who use the fluid in the applied arts, and who cannot compete with German and English manufacturers under present tariff rates. Congressman Lovering of Massachusetts, made this point clear in a striking address before the Furniture Manufacturers' Association last week, in which he took a firm stand in favor of a modification of the tariff in order to facilitate extension of the export trade of the country. The fiscal import of the revenue figures given above is clear. Our Government is sure of vast income from the appetites of the people. That there is anything like a corresponding increment in ethical values from the consumption recorded in these statistics who will contend?

Edward VII. and Ireland Relations of amity between the Irish people and the dominant partner in the United Kingdom have been strengthened by the tour of Edward VII. and his charming wife, Queen Alexandra, through Ireland. The king's consummate tact and evident disposition to usher in a new order of things have not been lost on a people naturally courteous and warm-hearted. Nothing could have been more felicitous than the address to his Irish people which the king issued as he left for London. From it the following quotation is made, for its intrinsic interest and for its disclosure of the king's reliance on divine aid. He said:

> For a country so attractive and a people so gifted we cherish the warmest regard, and it is, therefore, with supreme satisfaction that I have so often during our stay heard the hope expressed that a brighter day is dawning upon Ireland. I shall eagerly await the fulfilment of this hope. Its realization will, under Divine Providence, depend largely upon the steady development of self-reliance and co-operation, upon better and more practical education, upon the growth of industrial and commercial enterprise, and upon that increase of mutual toleration and respect which the responsibility my Irish people now enjoy in the public administration of their local affairs is well fitted to teach.

The Color Line in Australia A cloud as big as a man's hand—or bigger—appears in the relations between Great Britain and the commonwealth of Australia. "White Australia" is the cry of the democrat in Australia; and in pursuance of the White Australia policy the commonwealth, urged by the Labor Party, seeks to have a clause inserted in new mail contracts forbidding the employment of colored seamen on the mail steamers. As this would mean, at Australia's dictation, forbidding British subjects to employ British subjects, Mr. Chamberlain has intimated pretty plainly that Australia's request cannot be granted. If the commonwealth wishes to enforce a white-man policy on the rest of the empire she will have to pay for the luxury out of her own pocket. Australians are not uninterested in American lynchings and burnings, and in the assertion that slavery (disguised) is not wholly absent from America.

Reform and Reformers in Peril in China The letters of the American Board's representatives in China for the past year have been optimistic on the whole, more so than many of those sent forth to the world by press representatives in Peking, Hongkong and Shanghai. We have in mind their prescience when the Boxer uprising was coming to a head and how they anticipated it and warned diplomatists whose eyes were blind and whose ears were stopped. Consequently we still hope for the triumph of the reform party, and that China really has entered upon a new era. And this despite the very recent disquieting dispatches from Peking as to the activity of the conservatives in thwarting and punishing the reform leaders there and despite the critical situation in Shanghai, where seven editors identified with the reform press of that section of China have been arrested charged with sedition, and are now endeavoring, aided by foreigners resident in Shanghai, to avoid the doom of death which awaits them if they are tried before Chinese tribunals. Strong efforts are being made to secure for them trial before the tribunals to which foreigners resident in Shanghai are tried, but the diplomatic representatives at Peking, including United States Ambassador Conger, thus far have resisted the importunity of the friends of the editors and have declined to bring pressure to bear.

The New Pope On July 31 sixty-three out of sixty-four cardinals entered the guarded precincts of the part of the Vatican set apart for them, and with them went conclavists and other officials, making a population of 200 souls to be fed and cared for. Spiritual preparation for the task having been perfected, on Aug. 1 the formal, secret balloting began and on Aug. 4, on the seventh ballot Cardinal Joseph Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, was elected. He was born in Treviso, June 2, 1835, and hence is well on in years, and presumably will have but a relatively short pontificate, although with Leo XIII.'s career in mind this by no means follows. Most estimates of him which have been volunteered by those who have speculated on the succession have described the new Pope, who has chosen the name of Pius X. as that by which he hereafter will be known, as an opportunist, a man of tact and prudence, fairly liberal in his views, correct in his manner of living, and unusually popular with Italians. His relations with the Italian Government have been more cordial than have those of most of the Italian cardinals, and his election presumably betokens the coming consummation of a thorough understanding between the Vatican and the Quirinal. He has scholarship, preaching power and administrative skill.

The business manager of the Cumberland Presbyterian Publishing House recently sent a circular letter to 300 pastors of the largest churches of that denomination, soliciting lists of names of possible book customers in their congregations. By way of experiment he enclosed with 100 of these letters only a blank for the names; with another 100 a blank and addressed return envelope, unstamped; with the third hundred, a blank and an addressed, stamped, return envelope. Twenty-five of the first 100 replied, thirty one of the second and forty-six of the third, 102 in all out of 300. It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that requests not accompanied by postage for a reply were not more generally complied with, but it does seem strange that fifty-four out of 100 pastors cared so little for their own publishing house as to refuse a reply which almost

any business man would consider obligatory under the circumstances.

No New Creed

Many would be glad to see a statement which comprehensively represents the beliefs of Congregational churches today. The Westminster Confession was so regarded for more than two centuries. The first National Council in 1865 declared its adherence to the faith of the primitive churches, and that this faith was substantially embodied in the Westminster Confession, though it would acknowledge no rule of faith but the Word of God. This declaration was made by way of introduction to a new statement, known as the Burial Hill Creed. Because of general dissatisfaction with the former creeds the committee appointed by the National Council made another statement which is called the Creed of 1883.

Now that twenty years more have passed in which theological thought has passed through greater changes than at any other equal period in our history, it is natural that some should ask if the time is not ripe for a new creed. The Helena (Mont.) Congregational church last spring, on issuing a new Manual, discussed the question whether the Creed of 1883 should be inserted in it as "the generally accepted statement of Congregational beliefs." In order to gain further light on the subject certain inquiries were sent to the surviving members of the 1883 Creed committee and to a few other representative Congregationalists. By the courtesy of the pastor of that church, Rev. J. P. MacCarthy, the replies have been sent to us.

On the one vital point the answers were unanimous that no new statement at present is desirable. The reasons given were various. The sufficient reason was that it would not be possible under present conditions to frame a statement of belief representing the churches. One of the signers of the last creed wrote, "I do not know of twenty men who would be likely to agree on anything more specific than the Apostles' Creed, and some of them would not be quite sure of that." Another said that a creed to be worth anything must be the result of an occasion calling for it. In 1865 there was need of a testimony to the consensus of Christian truth believed by Congregationalists, and an occasion for making it. Hence the Burial Hill Declaration. No such occasion has come round again, though there is need of testimony on specific truths. Others think that any attempt to revise the statement that was a real testimony twenty years ago would rob it of its value as a historical document. That which represented a living and growing church a generation ago does not adequately express its belief today.

It is evident from an examination of the replies sent by these fourteen representative Congregationalists that no document presenting a system of doctrine in detail would receive all their signatures. These men live in the West, the Interior and in New England. They would be as likely to agree as any company of theologians coming together from different parts of the country.

In view of these facts we repeat the counsel we gave when we referred a short time ago to this attempt of the Helena church to find the doctrinal position of our denomination, that churches preparing new manuals would do well to insert in them the historic creeds of Congregationalism, to attempt no more than a brief summary of beliefs as representing what their members hold in common, and to place the chief emphasis in receiving new members on a covenant to obey the will of God, to seek faithfully to understand it, to live as loyal disciples of Christ in fellowship with one another in united effort to make his kingdom supreme in all the world.

American Rights in Turkey Imperiled

More than eight months ago a delegation of twenty-four gentlemen representing American interests in the Turkish empire had an extended interview with President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay. This delegation consisted of such men as Morris K Jesup, John W. Foster, Darwin R. James and Samuel B. Capen. They were assured by the President that the same rights and privileges which have been granted by the sultan of Turkey to educational, charitable and religious institutions belonging to France, Russia, Italy and Germany, and which have since been granted to those of England, would be demanded for similar American institutions. The President also declared that our Government could not afford to make the demand and be refused, since the privileges asked for were its just right, inherent in the "most favored nation" clause of our treaties with Turkey.

Mr. Leishman, our minister at the Porte, was then in this country upon leave of absence. He soon returned to his post with clear instructions to secure an early interview with the sultan and there present his demands. After long delay the interview was secured. Not to enter into the details of the negotiations and the correspondence that followed, it is sufficient to say that the concessions demanded have not yet been granted. At the same time, the Turkish officials and apparently the sultan himself, encouraged by the delay, have begun what appears to be a hostile move against one of the colleges in the list. Early in June the senior professor in Euphrates College, located at Harpoot—a Turkish subject—was thrown into prison upon the verbal charge of sedition. The officials have attempted to make him declare that the college is filled with sedition. This policy carried out will close every American institution in Turkey. Our Government cannot afford to permit its just demands to remain longer ungranted, for Turkey always interprets delay in such matters as a confession of inability to enforce demands. All American interests in Turkey are thus imperiled. The institutions referred to alone represent an investment of more than $6,000,000.

Under these circumstances decisive action only can set things right. The minister is now handicapped by his failure to secure what he has asked for. It seems to us that the only way to obtain from the sultan a recognition of our manifest rights is to send out upon a war vessel a special commissioner, with rank above the minister, who shall have power to carry negotiations to a successful issue. The one man to enter upon this important mission with the confidence of our Government and the entire country is Hon. John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State, a safe and experienced diplomat. There are precedents for such a procedure. Hon. W. W. Rockhill was specially delegated to act for us in China following the Boxer outbreak in 1900.

A Race Leader and His Radical Critics

The ambition to adorn rather than to serve is not peculiar to the Negro race. White men are ambitious to figure in politics for the gain and glory of office, and to be educated for the honor of a college degree. But there are enough Negroes who have a peculiarly childish way of showing their ambition for these things to bring discredit on their race. A few of them put in an appearance at a meeting at the Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church in Boston, last week, which was addressed by Booker T. Washington, and attempted to break it up. They brought a long list of questions for him to answer, which turned mainly on rights and privileges rather than duties. The burden of their remarks, so far as they addressed Mr. Washington was, "We don't like you. Your views and aims are not what we sympathize with or think best for our race." They brought, also, noisy tongues and other weapons, including some red pepper, a razor or two and a hat pin, and by the unwise use of these something like a riot was started, and a few of the disturbers were soon landed in a police station and one in the City Hospital.

The disturbers were, however, only a small minority, though one is a Harvard graduate, and others are educated men; and after order had been restored Mr. Washington made his address, with his usual good sense. The tone of it is indicated by these wise and true words:

> You will find it easier to enter a college in Boston than to enter a shoe factory or a counting-room. In other words, it is easier to secure an education in the North than to find opportunity to use it after it is secured. This leads me to emphasize a point which we, as a race, I fear—especially those men and women of us who are educated—have overlooked in too large a measure. We have reached the point where we should no longer depend upon the good nature of other people to give us employment, but where we should so educate our heads and hands that we create positions for ourselves. We must encourage a pioneer spirit, a dogged determination, a spirit of self-sacrifice.
>
> In the last analysis, the world cares very little what you or I know, but it does care a great deal about what you and I do. An educated man on the street with his hands in his pockets is not worth one whit more than an ignorant man with his hands in his pockets. It is the application of our knowledge in such a way as to help the world onward materially, mentally and spiritually that in the long run is recognized and applauded by mankind.
>
> Every colored parent in Boston should see to it that his child secures the very best and completest education; and with that education a sense of the dignity and beauty of labor, and a sense of the disgrace of idleness, and the mastery of some special trade or call-

ing, by which at all times, if necessary, a living may be earned. Mere literary education, whether of a black or of a white man, increases one's wants; and one's ability to supply these wants should at the same time be increased along lines in which he can find employment.

The morning after the meeting, when the disturbers were arraigned in court, two Negro lawyers who appeared for the prisoners, in the presence of a large audience began both at once to address the judge.

The *New York Age*, an able paper for Negroes, makes this comment on the affair, "We be a race queer in the psychological and ethical construction of us." It is the excitable and childish minority of Negroes that foster the prejudices of whites against the race and gain a hearing for extremists like Tillman, who no more represents the intelligent South than these turbulent Negroes represented their race in Boston. Many colored people of the city are gaining a competence and some have won wealth. They are not talked about in the newspapers, but they are good Christian citizens and are working effectively for the advancement of their race.

The Perils Arising from Privilege

Christ taught a proportionate responsibility. "To whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required: and to whom they commit much, of him will they ask the more." Great gifts and privileges, therefore, carry with them a corresponding danger. This is so with personal gifts, it is doubly so with our relation to corporate bodies in which we hold a membership. The strong man likes to use his strength. He may use it for evil, but he is not likely to let it lie unused. In the parable it is not the one who has ten talents who hides them away unused. The great danger is more frequently with the weak who rest upon the attainment of others and fail to exert and to improve what strength they have. The perils arising from privilege are most frequently the perils of the weak and the few talented.

One such peril is that of narrowness of view. Prosperity is on the whole exceptional, but the thoughtless members of a successful church or company are apt to fall out of sympathy with the unsuccessful. Members of strong churches hear with some impatience the call for help in mission fields. They are used to strength, their imagination is too feeble to enable them to sympathize with the struggle and hardship in which all great work begins. The personally prosperous, especially the prosperous through inheritance, have little patience with poverty or misfortune, which too often seem like crimes. But to be unsympathetic is to be dead to the fellowship of believers, to whom Christ prophesied that they must suffer tribulation.

In the same way, pride of family is often treated as if it were a virtue which the owner had himself acquired instead of a responsibility which God has laid upon him. This view of good descent as a ground of personal merit is as common as it is amusing, but it easily becomes a peril to the soul. The same is often true of national pride, which also is God's call to great responsibilities. To be an American is only a matter of choice to those who are not born Americans. To be a good American is a responsibility and an opportunity. The danger is that we may think that because America is so strong we can afford to be weak or careless citizens. To be an American is little. Three assassins of three Presidents have been Americans by birth or choice. But to be the right sort of an American is much. Those Americans who have taken accused men out of the hands of the law and murdered them have no reason to pride themselves on the fact of their citizenship nor can we be proud of them and of their deeds.

The church is made up of men who lift and men who lean, of men who are feeders of strength and men who are parasites. The world is in need of a whole-souled, unanimous, growing and Christ-like church. It is a peril of privilege if any disciple believes that this need does not include his own enthusiasm and growth toward strength. The strong can never help the weak as they might do until every church has all the working force at its disposal which God has given. The bracing atmosphere of struggle may be far better for the soul than confidence in the attainments and the strength of which we are a part, but to which we contribute nothing.

In Brief

It would be hard to find two words connoting more opposite meanings than Apache and Methodist, yet at Fort Sill on a recent Sunday the famous Apache Chief Geronimo and a dozen of his warriors were baptized into the Christian Church by a Methodist pastor.

We feel obliged to say to ministers sending to us for publication the announcement that the degree of LL. D. has been conferred on them by the "Nashville College of Law," that we have already devoted to exposing that institution all the space it deserves.

Prof George Adam Smith is now at Peacedale, R. I., the guest of Mr. Rowland Hazard. Later the professor may go to Bar Harbor. His days of convalescence are being made bright for him through the hospitalities extended by old and valued American friends.

Postage between the United States and China in places served by the United States Postal Agency at Shanghai is now at the same rates as domestic postage. Two cents will carry a letter from any part of the United States to Tientsin, Foochow and many other districts in China.

Prejudice—men have known what that means for a long time. But postjudice—a new word coined by the clever, rising young English essayist, G. K. Chesterton—men are also guilty of that. How many, after a theory has had a fair trial and has proved its worth, still condemn it, they being postjudiced.

An unprecedented increase of American travelers is reported both at home and abroad. London hotels are over-crowded, especially the more expensive ones. New hotels are being built in Western cities, which are unable to furnish sufficient accommodations. This all testifies to the prosperity and activity of the American people.

The shrinkage of over one and three-fourths billions of dollars in the estimated wealth of Americans during the last few months is checking lavish expenditures for banquets, dress, jewelry and other extravagances which were becoming a discredit to the nation and an injury to its people. This is a large item to the credit side in the great decline of stocks.

Statistics of insanity in England show that one out of every 293 is classed as insane, a rapid and progressive increase in half a century to nearly double the percentage of 1859. Twenty-three per cent. of the insanity of males and nine per cent. of females can be traced directly to intemperance. Here's an argument for the total abstainers.

The demand for luxuries indicates the degree of material prosperity. In the year ending June 30, 1897, the value of precious stones imported into the United States was $2,500,000. Last year the value was over $30,000,000. It looks now as though considerably less would be spent on diamonds next year, but they will still call out a larger expenditure than foreign missions.

In this time of revival of interest in leaders of thought in former times, like Phillips Brooks, Emerson, Wesley and Edwards, it should not be forgotten that this month will complete a half century since Frederick Robertson died. Few men have continued so long to exercise such influence over preachers as Robertson has done. His sermons are still reproduced every Sunday in hundreds of pulpits.

Mr. William Smith, a nursery man of Geneva, N. Y., who proposes to plant another Smith college for women, is not getting the credit in the newspapers which his benevolence calls for. The reasons are that the one Smith College at Northampton, Mass., is honoring the whole Smith family whose name it bears, and that the country is better served by strengthening the colleges we have than by multiplying their number.

Dr. George F. Pentecost arrived last week at Northfield after an absence of several months in the far East, whither he was sent by the Presbyterian and American Boards. He has visited the Philippines, China, Korea and Japan; and after expounding Christian truth with his customary force and fervor to large audiences of Orientals he seems quite content to loaf and pick blackberries at his charming country home in Northfield.

King Edward declares, in answer to an inquiry, that he will feel just as much honored when his health is drunk in water as when it is drunk in wine, and that he will be glad if his sentiments in this matter are made known privately. This is good sense and will no doubt help conscientious teetotalers in the navy to combine loyalty to principle with loyalty to their king. It needs authority with some people to make good sense possible in action.

The way in which some people don't read the papers is truly remarkable. A lady came up to Mr. Campbell at Northfield last Sunday and, after thanking him effusively for his morning sermon, inquired if he had any regular charge in London. The occupant of perhaps the most commanding pulpit in Christendom today modestly told her that his work was at the City Temple, London, and she made a mental memorandum to look it up the next time she was in London. O fame, thou art a fleeting and a circumscribed thing after all!

A Jewish Hungarian congregation in Chicago has found a way to relieve ministers of the vexations of candidating. Its committee, desiring a rabbi who could preach to them in their own language, sent a request for one to Hungary. In reply they received a phonograph into which a rabbi had preached several of his sermons. After hearing them the congregation approved and elected him. Now let the minister get up a combination phonograph and phonograph and offer it to vacant churches. They will get their pulpit supplies

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at small cost, he will preserve his self-respect, and he may also be called and chosen.

An old soldier, Zacariah C. Neahr by name, died in Canajoharie, N. Y., the other day who wore a medal for heroism granted by Congress. In the second expedition against Fort Fisher, he was one of twelve who volunteered to destroy a stockade which hindered approach to the fort. Neahr knelt and prayed in the trench while General Terry stood by, and then the twelve went to their work under a rain of bullets. Nine of their number were killed, but the stockade was destroyed and the fort taken. The heroes of war are not all generals—much less are the heroes of peace all captains of industry or leaders of society.

The sudden death last week at Bad Gastein, Austria, after a brief illness, of Dr. E. Walpole Warren, rector of St. James parish, New York, removes a broad-minded Episcopalian who has exhibited a warm interest in other Christian bodies and whose addresses at Northfield in recent years will be recalled by the many whom they deeply impressed. He entered heartily into the movement for federating the churches, believing that it afforded an opportunity for manifesting the unity underlying all denominational differences. Evangelistic in temper, he stood in the New York pulpit for the large things of Christianity.

From Day to Day

BY ALLEN CHESTERFIELD

The best drawn character in Dr. Lorimer's novel, The Master of Millions, which as a whole I have found a very disappointing book, is that of a man devoted to a number of secret orders, and who though of lowly station found his humdrum duties glorified because of nightly contact with comrades in the order of Unconquerable Legions, and that of the B. O. O. Z. and the K. G. T. The need of a church or of personal religion hardly occurs to a man of that type. I presume in many of our cities and towns the existence of these orders constitutes one of our most serious problems for the Christian worker. Not much is gained by denouncing them. More sensible seems to me the course of ministers who seek to appreciate their real worth and to find out the secret of their success. I have respect for the men who join these orders, not because they get much out of it themselves, but as a means to acquire a larger influence.

I know one minister who has made it a point in his different parishes to affiliate with the Masons. He is naturally called upon at their banquets and meetings to say grace or offer prayer. Moreover, as he fraternizes with the men in their reading and smoking rooms he gets an access to them which might otherwise be denied. He is an out and out evangelical man, and having in mind the composite religious make-up of the order, he went the other day to its most prominent official with this question: "You know that when I am called upon for any devotional service I do not hesitate to use the name of Christ and the orthodox phraseology to which I am accustomed. Do you think that this is offensive to any of our members?" "No," was the quick reply, "the boys would not like it unless you did that very thing."

* * *

I was impressed on a recent Western tour to find how deeply rooted the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. are getting to be in the newer sections of the country. I found at Colorado Springs what was to me an entirely new departure in Y. M. C. A. equipment. It was a new structure with the customary reading and social rooms and a finely equipped gymnasium. But the distinctive thing was thirty or forty lodging-rooms for clerks and artisans, who thereby gained at a moderate price the advantages of a first-class hotel. Evidently the Y. M. C. A. means to become all things to all men, and in places where good boarding houses are difficult to find means if possible to fill the lack. One of the keenest and most generous of New York philanthropists has recently said that he thinks the Y. M. C. A. is better adapted to solve the Mormon problem in Utah than the church.

The Y. W. C. A. is pushing forward, too. In Minneapolis I found a splendid building just opened whose specialty is the serving of cheap, hot luncheons to working girls. Sometimes as many as a thousand eat there every noon and then spend a little time in the pleasant parlors or the quiet reading-rooms. Said the lawyer who showed me about, "We are sometimes criticised for not being spiritual enough, but if this isn't spiritual work I don't know what is;" and I said, "Amen."

* * *

Speaking of serving others as the Christian Endeavorers and Epworth Leaguers will be doing a Sunday or two hence, here is an incident which shows how in our effort to grasp the distant opportunity we often overlook that which is nigh. One of the secretaries of a foreign missionary board, whose headquarters are in New York city, asked his friend, Jacob Riis, not long ago if he knew of any person in humble and needy circumstances who could be made the object of special ministry on the part of the secretary and his wife. They were both feeling the need of coming into closer contact with neglected humanity than was afforded through the medium of correspondence with missionaries on the field. Mr. Riis at the moment was not able to suggest any person of this type, but said he could soon find one. A day or two later the secretary was called up on the telephone by a local charity organization, whose clerk gave the secretary the name of a certain woman who lived on the East Side. So the secretary and his wife took up their coveted task of personal ministration. One of their first inquiries naturally related to the woman's means of support, and imagine their wonderment when they learned that she worked as a scrub woman in the very building on Fifth Avenue in which the secretary has his office. He had probably seen her at least half a dozen times a week as he came and went about his daily duties, and yet it took this circuitous method to bring him into personal contact with her. There is a lesson here for all of us.

* * *

My friend the Radical, whose advanced views on certain subjects I exploited in these columns not long ago, was asked the other day to prepare himself for substitute work as a Sunday school teacher on a certain Sunday. The lesson for that day had to do with Paul's preaching at Berea where, it will be remembered, the inhabitants were more noble than those in Thessalonica, "in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, examining the Scriptures daily whether these things were so." Here was just the opportunity which the Radical had long been seeking, so he primed himself to discourse eloquently on the desirability of having a free and open mind, of ferreting out the truth for ourselves instead of accepting it on somebody's else authority.

When Sunday morning arrived he was all ready to orate for an hour in this vein and to exhort his fellow-citizens to shun traditionalism and to move out into the glorious liberty of this twentieth century. But alas, what a disappointment awaited the would be propagandist of advanced thought! Said the superintendent to him on his arrival, "I guess I will give you one of our Chinamen to teach today." The Radical murmured not, for though he is a heretic he is of heroic mold, and meekly sat down to his task of pointing out the difference between a and b to his Mongolian pupil. But after half an hour of frequent reiteration of such sentences as, "The cow gives the milk," he concluded that hereafter he would confine his church activity to ushering, in which field he is not so likely to be pained by the indifference of his brethren to modern thought or to be to them a stone of stumbling and rock of offense.

The Silver Bay Conference

The fourth conference of leaders of the Young People's Missionary Movement—which represents the effort of the denominational boards to bring into closer co-operation the work of the young people's societies for both home and foreign missions—has just come to a close at Silver Bay, Lake George, after a successful session of nine days.

The daily program included a stimulating Bible study class taught by Mr. Harry Wade Hicks, the American Board secretary for work among young people, upon the teaching of our Lord concerning missions; two missionary institutes conducted by Mr. C. V. Vickrey, secretary of the Young People's Missionary Movement, and Dr. T. H. P. Sailer of Philadelphia, in which the problems of work in churches and local committees were discussed; three mission study classes—a normal class for leaders under the charge of Dr. Sailer, a class in home missions led by Dr. A. S. Phillips of Richmond, Va., and a class on China using the new books soon to be issued by the Young People's Movement, taught by the author, Mr. Harlan P. Beach, educational secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement.

The afternoons were free for rest and recreation, and in the evenings were held vesper services, presided over by Mr. Luther D. Wishard, at which stirring missionary addresses were given, and the delegates joined in rousing singing the war songs of the church. Among the speakers were Bishop Thoburn of India, Mr. S. H. Hadley of the Water Street Mission, New York, Mrs. Besserer of the Bethany Mission, Baltimore, Rev. Walter Calley, general secretary of the Baptist Young People's Union, Pres. John F. Sancher of the Woman's College, Baltimore, Dr. H. C. Mabie, corresponding secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, John Willis Baer, corresponding secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, Dr. A. W. Halsey, corresponding secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, Mr. Harry Wade Hicks, Mr. C. V. Vickrey, Mr. Luther D. Wishard and Mr. S. Earl Taylor.

Perhaps the most stimulating feature of the conference was its interdenominational character, leaders and delegates representing many branches of the Christian Church. The 377 delegates present represented 18 denominations from 21 states and Canada. The Congregationalists had the largest delegation, numbering 116, from Canada, Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Maryland and Illinois. On July 23 these delegates organized with Mr. Harry Wade Hicks in the chair. Various committees were appointed by Mr. Hicks to gather suggestions from the conference on the different problems of missionary work, and to prepare a policy to present to the denomination. These committees worked faithfully during the conference, and presented valuable reports at the final meetings of the delegations. Sociability and acquaintance were promoted by an informal out-of-door reception, and spiritual fellowship was strengthened by a short, daily morning prayer service held in a quiet spot overlooking the lake, and by group meetings for prayer every evening.

The spirit of the conference was of deep spirituality and earnest enthusiasm for the spread of Christ's kingdom. Methods were discussed, but the mere machinery of missionary work was kept subservient to the spirit of earnest, definite prayer which pervaded every meeting and inspired every speaker. M. T. F.

"What Shall We Do with Miracles"

By Prof. Borden P. Bowne, Boston University

[Almost every American student of philosophy is familiar with the name of Professor Bowne, who has occupied the chair of philosophy at Boston University since 1876. He contributes frequently to the Reviews and religious papers, and is the author of several standard books, like Studies in Theism and Principles of Ethics. There are few American thinkers more competent to write on this theme.—EDITOR.]

To Professor Woods's excellent discussion of this topic in a recent number of *The Congregationalist and Christian World*, I venture to add some reflections from the standpoint of philosophy. As Professor Woods rightly says, there is much confusion and some perplexity among both the ministry and the laity on this matter.

The tap root of our trouble here is the deistic philosophy upon which popular theology is built. In this view God made the world or nature as a system of things subject to general laws, and then withdrew to some celestial region and rested. At present he is without administrative function so far as the world is concerned. Here all things go on naturally and all things are to be naturally explained. We are never to have recourse to God for the explanation of anything until all natural explanation is exhausted.

A CRUDE THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE

Thus the natural and the supernatural are set up in mutual exclusion, so that the more we have of the one the less we must have of the other. And as the realm of law, that is of the natural, is ever growing, the realm of the supernatural is ever diminishing. From this it is not far to the conclusion that the natural is all-embracing and there is no place for the supernatural whatever. This line of thought is familiar to every practised reader. It is the gist of a great many volumes and the source of much groundless alarm and panic.

In this view, then, there is something, "nature," which for the present runs itself and is responsible for all that takes place in our neighborhood. In our explanation of things we are not to think of God until all the resources of "nature" are exhausted; and as no one can set a limit to "nature's" possibilities, it becomes increasingly doubtful if we are to invoke God at all. And whatever admits of a natural explanation is thereby rescued from any allegiance to mind. We must not think of it as having a meaning or expressing a purpose. To exhibit anything as natural is to empty it of all relation to the divine. The phantom nature bulks so large in our confused thought that it tends to swallow up both man and God, ending in atheism for the world and materialism for man.

Fortunately, this view is little more than an apotheosis of our crude sense realism, and has long since been set aside by the progress of philosophical criticism. "Nature" itself is seen to be a mere phantom conjured up by bad logic and philosophic illiteracy. Moreover, the view, as long as it remains deistic, is inconsistent with its own principles. If there was a divine purpose at the beginning it embraced all its implications, so as to leave no place for mere by-products and unintended happenings in the system. The creative act must have implied all details and all events forevermore, so far as the world is an impersonal mechanism.

Mechanism can only unfold its implications and do that which it has been determined to do. It can make no new departures or produce factors and events not originally provided for. The world is not merely a system of general laws, but also a great multitude of individuals and detailed happenings. Indeed this multitude is the concrete fact; and the general laws are only our abstractions from things and happenings. They apply to the things, but they do not imply them. Now the creative act in such a system implies the whole set of consequences, not merely general laws, but the entire multitude of things to the minutest detail. If anything had not been provided for in the creative act the thing would not have occurred; and conversely, if the thing was to occur it must have been provided for in the creative act. There is no such thing possible as creation in general.

We must suppose, then, that God in creating intended all that creation implied; for we can hardly suppose that God did not know what he was doing, or that he could not help himself. But all that religion cares to insist on is to bring our life in all its details into relation to the divine thought and purpose. If nature has been commissioned to move parallel with our need and supply our wants, God's fatherly goodness is not diminished thereby, nor is God himself put farther away. The only nature intelligent religion fears is that "nature," the product of unclear thought, which displaces God.

If, then, we allow nature to be at present an ontological system we have no occasion to be religiously disturbed thereat, as if it were a rival to God; for such nature can never do anything but what it has been determined to do; and there is nothing to forbid the thought that it may have been determined to work in human service and for the realization of God's will concerning us.

A BETTER DOCTRINE OF GOD

But the doctrine of the divine immanence, which is now so generally held in the higher speculative circles, is fast displacing this conception of nature as anything substantial and self-running, and reducing it to the phenomenal form of the divine causality. Nature is nothing in itself, and, of course, does nothing of itself. Things and events hang together, or come about, in certain ways; but the ground and source of it all must be found beyond them. The entire system abuts upon and continually proceeds from that Living Will in which we live and move, and have our being. God is no absentee, but is rather the changeless Power by which all things consist, and by which all things stand or go. This is the view which is fast becoming universal in the philosophical world. Deism is dead. We must have a living, immanent God or none.

The question of miracles is greatly modified on this view. To begin with, all cosmic causality is divine. The most familiar event proceeds as directly from the divine will as the most extraordinary and miraculous. The causality of the natural is supernatural, that is, divine. The method of the supernatural is natural, that is, God proceeds according to orderly methods. But whatever happens, be it the maintenance of the familiar routine or miraculous departure from it, happens not of itself or because of some mechanical law or system, but because in the divine purpose and wisdom that is the thing demanded. And in all things alike God is equally present and equally near.

This is the conception which religious thought is really trying to reach in its doctrine of miracle. It seeks after God. It longs to find the Father and to know that he is near. But proceeding on naturalistic and deistic assumptions, we build up the phantom of nature, which petrifies man's higher life, and then we look anxiously for breaks in the natural order and pin our faith on miracles, mainly physical, as the sole indication of God's existence. Then we become exceedingly jealous of "naturalism" and talk loosely of "science falsely so called," and have occasional bouts with Higher Criticism and are strenuous for the great astronomical miracle of the book of Jasher and Jonah's peculiar adventure with the whale.

But much of this nervousness would cease if we mastered the divineness of the natural and saw that in everything God is present, that we are always and ever in the hands of him that made us, and that, in all things, whether we can trace it or not, God's will is being done. But this faith will not be reached by hysterically insisting on miracles while admitting a naturalistic and deistic philosophy; and when we have dismissed the philosophy we shall breathe freely, even in the face of the natural order.

NOT MUTUALLY EXCLUSIVE

With this result we no longer set up the natural and the supernatural in mutual exclusion. A natural event is one in which we trace familiar laws, not one in which there is no divine causality or purpose. And a supernatural event would be one which, from its form or the circumstances of its occurrence, would more or less clearly indicate a divine presence and purpose; but in its causality it would be no more truly divine than any routine happening. In its essential causality nothing whatever is explained by "known natural laws," or by "unknown natural laws," but only by the will and purpose of God.

Whether there are, or have been, supernatural events in the above sense is a matter of neither science nor philosophy,

but of history and historical evidence. Whether God acts upon the seeking soul so as to make it aware of a power beyond and above itself must be decided by personal experience and the study of religious history. Whether God has been in history revealing himself and guiding humanity upward must be decided by similar study. The results reached will depend largely upon the postulates with which we begin.

If we begin with naturalistic assumptions which exclude God, of course we shall not find God in nature or human life or history. If we assume that we are in a personal world, a world existing for moral ends, a world of personal spirits depending upon the Father of spirits, we shall not be surprised at finding indications of his presence and purpose, whether in the individual life or in the larger movements of history. As Christians we must insist on law as a supreme condition of our mental and moral sanity, and work out our own salvation. And also as Christians we must observe that the law is only God's method, so that it is always God who worketh in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure.

As to the Bible miracles, historical criticism will never eliminate them, however dogmatism may deny them. It is indeed possible that some unhistorical matter may have crept into the record, and it is beyond question that many events have been described in ways which are foreign to our modes of expression; still the net result of Christian thought will always be that God was and is in history and the human mind and heart and conscience revealing himself to men. With this general conception we shall not be disturbed over miracles so long as they fit into the system and form an essential part of it.

The Confessions of a Golf Crank

By Rev. Edward McArthur Noyes

[His modesty prevents Mr. Noyes from alluding in the following article to his own prowess in golf. He has held the championship in Newton Center, where his pastoral duties in connection with the old First Church and his pulpit work are rendered all the more effective by a reasonable amount of indulgence in athletic sports. His neighbor and friend, Rev. O. S. Davis of Newtonville, will tell our readers next week about the charms of angling.—EDITOR.]

Heredity may account in part for my golfing. When my parents gave me a middle name with a "Mac" in it, in memory of my Scotch forbears, did they foredoom me a victim to the fascinations of "the royal and ancient game?" I once asked a famous Scotchman how it came about that so serious a folk as his countrymen had originated two of the best sports, golf and curling. He suggested that the inhospitable climate and hard conditions of life had compelled the invention of the best games to make existence endurable. Whatever the explanation, each sport can boast a literature extending over more than four hundred years, and summon a host of devotees to praise its perennial charm.

"Some men smoke as a cure for dyspepsia; others for headache or insomnia. I smoke because I like it." Such was the frank explanation of his habit given by a ministerial friend. My reason for playing golf is similar—I like it. But we can usually find excellent arguments for doing what we like, and here are some points in my *apologia*.

Golf combines exercise with diversion. My physician and my friends are responsible for my beginning. Sleep is a necessary preparation for the work of Sunday, and like other precious things it is not always easily won. Exercise in the open air was the doctor's prescription. But gardening, rowing, bicycling, etc., while they gave the muscles enough to do, left the mind still intent on the morrow. Then came a friend home from St. Andrews, with the gift of a complete set of clubs, on the sole condition that I should use them. Other friends persuaded me to try the game. The usual result followed and I became a devotee.

Golf furnishes the best of exercise, and its absorbing interest insures forgetfulness of other things. Indeed, the golfer is often oblivious of the passage of time and gets home late to dinner, thus incurring the housewife's displeasure. If you consult a physical culture expert about your dyspepsia or headache, he will probably prescribe a series of twisting and bending motions for the muscles of the trunk and abdomen. But every time you take a full swing with a golf club you go through these very motions. You are taking the "Swedish movement cure" without knowing it. The average golf course is a mile and a half long. Let the parson finish his preparation for Sunday by Saturday noon. Then let him walk three miles in pleasant company, amid beautiful natural surroundings, and meanwhile swing a club vigorously some eighty to a hundred times, and if he doesn't sleep well of a Saturday night, there is something wrong with his liver or his conscience, or with both.

Golf furnishes an inexhaustible variety of interest. No two shots are exactly alike. No golfer will claim to have mastered all the possibilities of the game. After five years of playing, he will confess that he is just beginning to appreciate them. This very difficulty is one of the fascinations of the sport. The beginner usually makes a good drive at the first attempt. As he watches the flight of the ball he inwardly exults. It seems so easy to hit that little sphere fair and true every time, with just the right direction and force. When he fails he is sure he can do it next time. You never get over anticipating that perfect shot which is always just one stroke ahead. And when the ball sails away far and true from a brassie, or you lay an approach shot "dead to the hole," there is an unfailing exhilaration about the success, and you are more than ever determined to make such strokes the rule rather than the exception. To play perfect golf requires the utmost nicety of skill, the perfect co-operation of eye, hand and brain, as well as cool nerve and undaunted pluck. But, on the other hand, no matter how much of a "duffer" you are, you may always find a partner of your own class, and two poor players equally matched get as much enjoyment out of the game as two experts.

This leads me to speak of the social side of the sport. I do not refer to the pleasant chat of the "piazza golfers" who make the clubhouse gay on holiday afternoons, nor to the entertaining discussions of various plays, after the match is over and the "nineteenth hole" is played together. But wherever you play golf you are sure to meet men whom it is a pleasure to know. A jolly "foursome" can have as much wholesome fun as can be crowded into one short afternoon. Then, too, the game equalizes all ages. It often happens that a man past middle life is paired with a youth in his teens, and the two learn to know and respect each other, to their mutual advantage. Hundreds of business men are thus renewing their youth and getting acquainted with a younger generation. I have often seen a veteran of seventy and a boy of fourteen playing a close match together. Unfortunately few ladies play enough to play well, and the number of lady golfers tends to decrease. It is fine exercise for women, but the game is too difficult to attract many. But when four well-matched players get together, two of them being ladies, the social pleasure of the sport is more than doubled.

A word might be said about the moral discipline of golf. In common with all good games it trains one to win modestly and to lose serenely, to keep one's temper under difficulties and to be mindful of the obligations of courtesy. Some sports, like football and baseball, arouse the spirit of combativeness, and the players fight for every point, sometimes by foul means as well as fair. But tennis and golf are pre-eminently games of gentlemen, and the atmosphere of courtesy surrounds them. And golf certainly tends to cultivate the grace of humility. The best player will have days when his skill seems suddenly to have deserted him, and he will play "like a hired man with a broom," to his own mortification and the amusement of his comrades. Then his patience and self-control have their sphere, and the man with unruffled temper and cool determination soon gets the wayward muscles under control and resumes his wonted pace.

One of the doubtful advantages of the game is the endless topic for conversation which it affords. Two golfers will discuss strokes, clubs and players till midnight, and meet again in the morning to fight their battles o'er with undiminished zeal. One of my friends heard a player declare that if he had not been stymied on the fifteenth green he would have been dormie three. "Well!" exclaimed the listener, "I might possibly learn the strokes, but if I've got to acquire a new language I guess I won't begin." If he had played around the

course once, the new terms would not have dismayed him.

A game that has an equal attraction for judges of the Supreme Court, the lieutenant general of our army, thousands of professional and business men of mature years, and for the boys and girls in our schools and colleges, must certainly have something to it. It requires thought as well as manual dexterity to play it well. It is played with brains as well as with clubs. And to all who have not tried its fascinations, I can cordially commend it as a rational and healthful exercise, and a most delightful recreation.

Rev. R. J. Campbell after His American Tour

When the steamship Lucania sails out of New York harbor this week Saturday it will carry a London minister who, in his seven weeks' stay in this country, has harvested about as large a store of varied and presumably correct impressions of the United States as it is possible for an observant person to acquire in that length of time. He has addressed no less than fifty different audiences, has visited our largest cities and several of our leading educational centers, has fraternized freely with Christians of all denominations, has been entertained in typical American homes from that of the President down, has received special courtesies from groups of metropolitan journalists and from college professors, has studied at close range a number of representative American summer assemblages and through personal intercourse with religious leaders like Drs. Hillis, F. E. Clark, Lyman Abbott, Josiah Strong and Dean Hart, and through conversation with hosts of other people has gained an insight into conditions and affairs over a wide stretch of country.

If Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple, London, goes home thus enriched and broadened, it is quite as true that this, his all too brief sojourn here has deepened and extended the favorable opinion of him formed in advance through the knowledge of his pulpit successes in Brighton and London. Everywhere his coming has been awaited by great and eager audiences, who have been charmed and stirred by his simple, winsome presentation of Christian truths, while hundreds have sought to take him by the hand. As they have looked into his clear gray eyes and have felt the touch of his serene and sunny personal faith they have been grateful for even a passing word from this now famous minister, who, if his life is spared, is destined to have a large and influential part in the Christian movements of this century.

Mr. Campbell's first appointments were at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday, June 21, and in the evening at Montclair. On Monday he spoke to a great throng of New York ministers and others. Thence he went to Boston and was heard at Park Street, Tremont Temple and Harvard Church, Brookline. Then followed in quick succession visits and addresses at Northfield, Silver Bay on Lake George, Chicago, Colorado Springs and Denver. Then turning his face eastward he stopped for a day at a Chautauqua Assembly in Ottawa, Kan., pushing on thence to Chicago and Winona, Ind., where he spoke three times at the Presbyterian summer assemblage. Chautauqua—the original—was his next point and after a glimpse of Niagara he went on to Toronto and Montreal and then back to New York. On Sunday, July 26, he addressed 10,000 people at Ocean Grove, N. J., and on the following week put in a little resting at Sea Cliff, N. J. On Saturday last he arrived at Northfield and preached that evening and on the following Sunday morning before the General Conference of Christian Workers and at Mt. Hermon in the evening.

Strolling away from the multitude who stopped after each service to grasp his hand, Mr. Campbell was not averse to casting himself at full length on the velvety greensward; and while we looked out upon the fair landscape on this fairest of summer Sundays, he chatted freely about his American journeyings. He could not truthfully say that he was rested, but he had kept well and thoroughly enjoyed himself every step of the way. He had come to see and learn all he could and that purpose had been largely gratified.

To the question where he had had the best time, Mr. Campbell spoke enthusiastically of the reception tendered him last week by the New York Press Club and of his pleasant hobnobbing with journalists and literary workers. But everywhere unbounded kindness had been bestowed. The audiences which on the whole he found most receptive and stimulating were those at Chautauqua and at Chicago University, where a number of post-graduate students from other institutions were in attendance on the summer courses. At Mt. Hermon also the audience of 200 young men last Sunday evening kindled and thrilled him, and one who has been with him during a good portion of his trip said that his words to these Hermon students on the Vision of God represented his best work in America.

To the query as to where he would prefer to settle down, Mr. Campbell spoke of certain characteristic charms of the West, but it was plain that the East was particularly attractive to him, though not to the extent of weaning him from London.

"What is your general impression as to religious life in America?"

"I was struck with the number of your organizations and their vastness. You go in for more of that sort of thing than we do, but on the other hand, there seems to be here a dangerous separation between the intellectual and spiritual. The intellectual preacher is apt to be unspiritual and the spiritual preacher is apt to be groovy and from the intellectual point of view impossible. If a stranger may say it without presumption the thing you want most is that some of your foremost thinkers should in some way become spiritualized."

"How about church unity here?"

"Your evangelical denominations do not seem to me so closely compacted as in England where the basis of their relationship to one another is a spiritual unity."

"Is Christian Endeavor here different from what it is with you?"

"It appears to me to attract more young men here and more flexible too, and I was agreeably surprised to find at the Denver convention so much of the intellectual element."

"What shall you take home to the English churches by way of suggestion?"

"Not much in the way of theological thought, but you can teach us much as respects brightness and up-to-dateness in the organization of the local church. For instance, your church furniture even is better and while in England we are lamenting the decay of the Sunday school, with you it still seems to be an efficient agency. Our lack is on the practical side."

The Education Bill is the subject on which Mr. Campbell has found his American audiences to be most anxious for information and he has talked about it until he is wearied of it. In the main he has been fairly reported in the newspapers, the one conspicuous exception being the statement attributed to him and given wide circulation to the effect that he sympathized heartily with lynching methods. He was not prepared for the excitement aroused in this country by his position with regard to the final restoration of all men. To him that is only a corollary of the gospel and not a staple of preaching. To him it does not mitigate in any way the heinousness of sin or the urgency of the appeal for repentance. In England, he says, the emphasis today is not laid on eschatological problems or even on questions of Biblical criticism. Large latitude is permitted on these matters in all branches of the church, but the accent is put on the necessity of a deep and real spiritual apprehension of and fellowship with God in Christ. It is along these lines that he believes the desired religious revival will come rather than as an ethical awakening.

In private conversation Mr. Campbell made it clear that the problem of the outsider—the man of the street and of the clubs is constantly on his heart. He mingles freely with this class of men in London and he has been impressed with two facts about them: first, that hardly any one of them will admit that he is a Christian; second, that almost every one is deeply interested in the vital questions of religion. How to bring these men to a saving knowledge of Christ is the problem which Mr. Campbell ponders and he wishes there were some way to speak to them without the taint of professionalism in the speaker.

Mr. Campbell left Northfield Monday and was to speak at Philadelphia twice on Tuesday, once before the ministers and once at Dr. Conwell's Temple. On Wednesday he was to visit the President at Oyster Bay, while on Friday he expected to see the yacht races, as the guest of Sir Thomas Lipton.

H. A. B.

From North Berkshire

Of the four North Berkshire churches which have recently lost their pastors—Adams, North Adams, Pilgrim Memorial of Pittsfield and Williamstown—the only one thus far to fill the vacant place is Pilgrim Memorial, which has the rare good fortune of having its new minister begin work on the Sunday following the termination of the service of its retiring pastor. Aug. 2 Rev. J. E. Gregg will begin his Pittsfield ministry. He is the son of Rev. J. B. Gregg, D. D., of Colorado Springs. His preparation for the ministry has been most thorough. After graduation from Harvard in 1897, he taught a few years in St. George's School, Newport, R. I., returning to Cambridge for a year at Harvard Divinity School, after which he removed to New Haven, graduating from Yale Divinity School last June. Within a few weeks he was called to different churches. That he and Mrs. Gregg should have chosen to come to Pittsfield is the cause of much satisfaction here, and a ministry bright with promise of usefulness opens out before them. A council to be held in August will be asked to dismiss the retiring pastor, and to ordain and install Mr. Gregg.

Plans are well under way to observe with becoming ceremony the bicentenary of Jonathan Edwards next October. Committees have been appointed by both the North and South Conferences to arrange for services at Stockbridge, where Edwards lived and performed his memorable ministry among the Indians. The usual midsummer meeting of the Berkshire Congregational Club has been postponed and will be held in connection with the Edwards celebration.

Rev. T. Nelson Baker of Pittsfield's Second Church (colored), whose recent article in *The Congregationalist* on the Negro problem called forth favorable comment, received the degree of Ph. D. from Yale University at its last Commencement. Dr. Davis of First Church left last week for Martha's Vineyard. Among those supplying his pulpit are President Hopkins, Dr. J. L. Jenkins, a former pastor, Rev. W. L. Tenney and Rev. J. E Gregg of Pilgrim Memorial Church. R. C.

XUM

Hewers of Wood—a Story of the Michigan Pine Forests

By William G. Puddefoot and Isaac Ogden Rankin

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Albert De Wette, Dunker preacher and farmer, makes plans of marriage for Hilda, his sisters's child, and John Bowman, the child of a neighbor. As they grow up Hilda becomes a light-hearted girl and John a too sober and exacting boy. Jack Clitheroe, a gay-hearted flirt and ne'er-do-weel, appears on the scene, and when Hilda and John Bowman quarrel at last teases Hilda into a promise that she will marry him if her uncle consents —well knowing that her uncle never will consent. Jack comes to ask for Hilda and a quarrel results in which De Wett threatens Hilda. She elopes with Jack and they settle in Chicago, moving, after her child is born, to a corner in Michigan where work is scarce and poverty increases. De Wette finds Hilda gone, tries in vain to follow her, becomes involved in the speculative excitement over the discovery of petroleum in his native valley, abandons the ministry and makes a great fortune. Then, in his loneliness, thought of Hilda comes back and he devotes his life to a search for her. Hilda finds Meggie McLean, the daughter of a Scotch carpenter and hard drinker, and brings her home for the night after one of her father's drunken sprees.

CHAPTER VII. MEGGIE'S LOVER

"The likeliest one of 'em all wuz he,
Chipper an' han'some an' trim;
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd,
'Spicially Jim.

"I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
An' I wouldn't take stock in him!
But they kep' on a-comin' in spite o' my talk,
'Spicially Jim."

—*Bessie Morgan.*

Sandy McLean had a memory of lost love and a living trial and comfort in his daughter, who reminded him continually of both the bitter and the sweet of earlier days. A Canadian Scotchman, he had sinned against his own violent race prejudice by marrying an Irish girl, who with her soft heart and sweet voice had won his love and given up race and church for his sake; that is to say, she had cut herself loose from the priest and the ordinances of her church, but not from faith in God. Her husband was an Irish-hater still and got most of the scars that marked his freckled skin by quarrels with the Irish in his drunken hours. But he had a harder fight with himself to keep down and kill the thought that the girl he had loved with all his heart was of the hated people. Her name was Bridget but he always called her Bess, and he nearly broke the head of the minister who married them because he would not put the name of Elizabeth instead of Bridget into the marriage lines.

So Mrs. McLean cherished her home loves and her race pride in secret, and transmitted them, with Irish wit and warmth of color, to her only child—to be cherished by her also in secret for her father's sake.

The white plague of consumption fell on Bridget McLean when Meggie was only ten, and Sandy fondly tried to believe that the child was ignorant that her mother came of the race he was always heaping scorn upon. And Meggie held her peace because she loved him. Why these two tender-hearted creatures should have given such love to the bitter and often foolish Scotchman it would be hard to say. Let any one explain it who is so ignorant as to call love to an account.

In a year of sunshine Meggie grew like a weed and blossomed like a flower. From Hilda she unconsciously imbibed womanliness in their daily intercourse. She also learned from books, and was taught to see and think; for Hilda had the strange and beautiful endowment of the teacher, which acts like sunshine, making the roots and stalks and flowers of thought grow in the mind of another. She learned neatness and all the resources of the housekeeper's art which Hilda made the most of with the very few resources of her home. But the one lesson which Meggie seemed incapable of learning, or perhaps was unwilling to apply her heart to, was the lesson of faith in God.

In Meggie's thought God was the remote artificer and stern judge of the world known to her father's dour Scotch teaching, unrelieved, as her mother's faith had been, by the cushioning of saints and virgins who had pity because they had experienced the woes of earth and knew what sin was like and could understand a woman's heart. Providence meant to her the sad ordering of her mother's life and death, and the instilling at birth of her father's appetite.

"It's all very well for you to believe," she would say to Hilda; "you're one of the saints, and I believe in you. But God is so far off." And she would stretch out her young arms with a pathos of despair and longing that made Hilda's heart ache.

"Do you believe God made that snake?" she asked one day, with a shudder of disgust and terror, as they heard the warning rattle on one of their walks, and saw the coil from which death strikes the reptile's foe. "For if he did, and likes to do it"—

She stopped because Hilda's hand was over her mouth and Hilda's arm was about her: "O, never say that. Never say it, dear. Wait till you know Him, and then you will not understand, but you will know."

"And how shall I know him?"

"Just by trusting, dear."

But trust, except in "Sweet Saint Hilda," as she called her friend, seemed furthest from the girl's possibilities of soul. She came nearest to it when on Sunday Hilda read from the New Testament to the children, or when they sang together. Then they were like two girls. Little Jack joined in with his childish treble, and even Meggie felt herself for the moment in that heaven about which they sang.

Their favorite hymn was the Jerusalem hymn, ending in the wild triumph of verses added by some enthusiast, that carried over to the listener's imagination the very shout of the multitude at the camp meetings of the South:

"Jesus, my Lord's to glory gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

"When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing his praise
Than when we first begun."

After the song was ended, Meggie would sometimes fall into a silence and cling close to Hilda, as if she had been carried out of herself into a strange, rare atmosphere and found it hard to recover the power of breathing in this lower world.

"Do you believe it?" she once asked—"the singing, I mean?"

"O, yes. If ever I get to heaven I'm sure I shall want to sing."

"Yes, but to sing all the time—forever. I should get tired of it, I think, and want to shout or run. And you can't sing running. Did you ever try? Won't you ever get tired of praising? Are you sure?"

"I don't know. I suppose singing is a sign of what we shall be thinking all the time. I never was in heaven, you see. When I feel most like it I just want to sit still. But I think when we are busy we praise God most."

"What—washing dishes? Or Norman Benton, when he's teasing his dog?"

Now this was unkind of Meggie, for Norman Benton was one of her chief admirers, and Hilda laughed.

"Why, dear, if you didn't like Norman more than most you wouldn't be always finding fault with him."

"But he's so big! He makes me feel like a little bear that looks up at a great mountain. And bears, you know, are cross."

"O, Norman's only a boy, for all his bigness. When he gets to be a man you won't poke fun at him. I wonder he stays here when he might get better work."

"Well, I suppose he does it to plague me—or my daddy. He's Irish, you know, and daddy doesn't love the Irish. I wish he wouldn't stay around. I'd ship him quick if I could have my way."

But there was an undertone in Meggie's voice that made Hilda think that there was more between the big boy and her little friend than she had known. He was only nineteen and had drifted into the neighborhood from the East. He had cheery ways and a pleasant, friendly smile, but he was shy and awkward before women. He had a temper nearly as quick as Sandy McLean's—the sort of hair-trigger temper that costs a man a long and bitter struggle before it is fully under control. He tried his best to keep on the right side of Sandy for Meggie's sake, but an angel from heaven could not have done it if the Scotchman had suspected him of having a drop of Irish blood in his veins. They quarreled and came to blows. Though Norman wore a black eye for a week, Meggie took up her father's side of the quarrel, and Norman was banished from her favor. After trying long in his shy way to win it back again, he went off at last to the lumber camps. But he never forgot Meggie, and those last shy efforts to recover her favor—mere little attentions and hungry watchings of a big, adoring boy—wrote

their impression deeper on Meggie's unsophisticated heart than she imagined. They proved a safeguard for her when in after troubles less worthy men sought to obtain her love. Norman never got the forgiving smile he longed for, though he thought he saw the shadow of it in her eyes, much less the favoring words: but she thought of him while his poor siege of her smile went on, and after he had gone she reproached herself bitterly that she had been tempted by her love of teasing to protract a quarrel much longer than she had intended, and had let him go unreconciled at last.

CHAPTER VIII. A REFUGE IN THE CAMPS

The next summer Jack turned to work in the fields again and at harvest time met with an accident which disabled him. Slipping from a load of wheat he broke his ankle. It was badly set and used too soon and he became permanently lame.

Then came bitter days. There was no work in the following summer for a lame man in the fields. There seemed to be none in the city, where at last they moved in search of it. The bitter discouragement of the man to whom God has given responsibilities but for whom the world seems to have neither place nor wages hung over them. An odd job here and there, with what Hilda found to do, kept them from absolute starvation, but no one wanted a lame man permanently.

One day while Jack was watching the unloading of a barge of lumber, he heard a man from the barge say to the wharf owner: "Ye don't know of a man that could do light chores around the camp, do ye?"

"Well, I don't know. What sort of a man do you want?"

"O, a married man. His wife could get lots of mending and washing to do from the camp. Women are plenty enough here in Chicago, but they're gold and diamonds, the right sort, up there in camp."

Jack spoke up quickly, touching his hat to the roughly-dressed speaker.

"Mister, I know a man that would do, I think."

"Well, who is he?"

"Why, myself. I can't do full work on account of my leg, but I can do considerable if I'm not hurried. I have a good wife, too." And Jack winced at the thought of Hilda and the hard work she would have to do in washing and mending the coarse clothes of the lumbermen.

But poverty is a sharp master, and, after the man had talked with Hilda, a bargain was made and they found themselves in one of the big camps of Michigan. Hilda was sure to be lonely, even Jack saw that, and one of the first moves he made, when he had won the favor of the foreman, was to ask him to send for Sandy McLean and give him a job in the woods and a chance to build himself a log house in the clearing. When Sandy appeared, one of the wits of the camp promptly dubbed him Freckles, and the name was so palpable a hit that it stuck. And, since the children have to suffer with their fathers, Meggie McLean perforce began her life in camp as "Freckles' Meg."

Camp Number Ten had a hundred and seventy inhabitants, expert axmen all, except the women and the cook. The few married men had built themselves little huts around the borders of the clearing; the single men all slept in one large room in the great central house of logs. Their bunks extended around three sides, one above another. Two huge stoves with enormous drums of sheet-iron kept them warm. Around the drums were wires upon which they hung their socks or shoe-packs when they came in from the wet. In this room they had their stag dances, and the fiddle was heard until bedtime every night.

The dining-room took the whole company in, yet it could not be called a social place, for at mealtimes there was no further exchange of words than was needful to ask for the passing of the food from hand to hand. Eating was too serious a business for conversational interruptions. Exchange of ideas and jests was left until after supper, when the men gathered about the stove and settled down to pipes and talk.

High on a giant pine hung the big camp bell which summoned them to meals and work. The blacksmith shop held axes by the gross; horse and ox shoes by the hundred; nails by dozens of kegs, peaveys, cant hooks and landing hooks by the score.

The ox stable and horse barn, the cook shanty and the few small huts of the married men completed the scene. Below the ridge on which the camp was built was a tiny lake; around it the circle of the trees. In summer the weeds ran riot among the stumps. In winter the snow was crossed by paths worn deep by the feet of men and by little tracks of the wild creatures of the woods.

Such a camp is a little world in itself, with its own peculiar life, governed by laws and customs which obtain nowhere else among men. It is a man's world, hardly touched by women's healing and restraining influence. Yet the few women on the edges of its life possess unusual opportunities of power. They may be little helped by education, inelegant of speech, careless of conventionalities; but they keep the men from becoming utterly wild and sometimes bestial in their thought and words. Many a young giant from Maine or New Hampshire has been saved to decent living by a little child or its mother keeping his thoughts true to the forsaken home. Many an Irish lad has had wholesome visions of the green fields of Erin, many a Scandinavian of the dark *fiords* or smiling lakes of his native land, after a few kind words from the lips of a woman, or the sight of children playing in the snow.

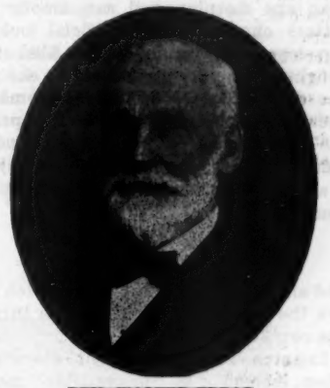
Except on holidays and in unusually stormy weather, when the men often came back from the nearest village drunk, the place was as orderly as a barrack. Steady hard work is a great preventive of trouble. The men had plenty of exercise and the best of food. Turkey dinners and chicken pie, with mince pies, the crust of which dropped fatness and would kill an ordinary man of sedentary life and dyspeptic tendencies, disappeared as if by magic. Then every man became absorbed in smoke and the big room was soon blue with the fumes from a hundred pipes.

So the camps lived their life, in touch with the outside world, but not of it, drawing their material from the restless and energetic sons of half a dozen peoples, and making it over by work and play, in too infrequent good and far too common wickedness, after their own distinctive but imperfect thought of manliness and pleasure.

[To be continued.]

Another Veteran Retires

Of his own will and to the general regret, Rev. Walter Frear has been released from his post as general agent of the American Board for the Pacific Coast. A Yale graduate, Mr. Frear came to California in 1855 and has given his whole life-work to this coast. He had interesting mountain pastorates in the gold-mining sections, and city churches in Santa Cruz and Oakland. Eleven years in the prime of life were given to the Fort Street Church—now the great Central Union



REV. WALTER FREAR

Church—of Honolulu, whose pastors have always taken no small part in island affairs, and especially in missions. Here, on mission soil, glorious with the most notable triumphs of salvation, Mr. Frear completed his preparation for the work which has filled hand and heart these eleven and a half years past.

Taking charge for a time of the Church Building Society's business, he became in 1892 the American Board's agent. In this labor of love he has been equally efficient and faithful. Office and business affairs have absorbed his time and energy: looking after missionaries in transit, superintending repairs on successive Morning Stars, keeping the westward missions of the Board supplied with all the necessaries of life. The sum of this labor has been so great as to leave little opportunity for presenting the Board's cause in the churches and developing interest and gifts. Of the latter he has done all that was possible and has secured steadily advancing contributions.

The Board has had in Mr. Frear a man of unusual judgment and all-around business ability, of lifelong interest in missions and devotion to the Board, of deep personal life in the Spirit and loyalty to Christ. He has for years been a trustee of Pacific Theological Seminary and always prominent in church affairs. Now, at the ripe age of seventy-five, looking all of ten years younger, he retires with the honor and esteem of all who know him. May he be spared long among the "old men for counsel." C. S. N.

The Church Prayer Meeting

Topic, Aug. 9-15. The Perils Arising from Privilege. Ezek. 28: 1-10; Rev. 3: 14-22.

Connection with a prosperous church. Life in a favored community. Membership in a good family. Citizenship in the best country in the world.

[For prayer meeting editorial see page 185.]

Abel's Temptation

A Parable for Ambitious Aspirants

By Rev. George Henry Hubbard, Haverhill, Mass.

[One of the most popular sketches ever printed by us was that from the pen of Mr. Hubbard in our issue of Feb. 28, entitled Zillah's Explanation. It attempted to explain the preference which certain congregations have for ministers of Methodist antecedents and training, and it naturally aroused considerable comment, more or less favorable to the solution of the problem there advanced. This week that discerning woman called Zillah persuades her husband to remain in his present parish despite temptations elsewhere. —Editor.]

"Another returned manuscript!" exclaimed Abel Meholah, somewhat impatiently, as he took his mail from the postman one morning, and saw among the letters one in a large, official looking envelope. For some years Abel had sought with varying success to eke out the deficiencies of a limited income by occasional contributions to the press. He had found it rather precarious and at times exasperating work. Like many in a similar situation he had become accustomed to

> Hear the sound of doors that close,
> And of feet that pass them by.

and an unaccepted effort would catch his eye the moment the mail carrier turned the corner of his street.

Imagine his astonishment, therefore, when, instead of an "unavailable" manuscript, he found that the big envelope contained a call to the Temple Church of New Jericho. It was a pleasant letter to read. After a few complimentary references to the work in which he was now engaged, and the esteem in which he was held by his people and the community in general, came a flattering invitation to surrender this for the pastorate of the large metropolitan church at a salary of $7,000, with an assistant pastor and a yearly vacation of three months for foreign travel. A glowing vision truly for a man who was struggling with the problem of family economics on less than $2,500 a year and laboring hard with only four weeks' vacation, and that often abbreviated by press of work.

Abel read the letter to Zillah and, after a few playful remarks about the grandeur that would be theirs, both agreed that the work now in their hands forbade all thought of accepting the call. Then the parson went to his study to work on next Sunday's sermon.

But somehow he couldn't settle down to work as usual. In spite of his most determined efforts that call continually recurred to his mind, and he did not put it wholly away. At length he gave up all pretense at sermonizing and began to pace the floor and to think over the situation. Here was a great opportunity. Was it not the "tide" in his affairs that was to determine the outcome of his life? What a wide door of influence and usefulness was opened to him by that call! True, it meant hard work; but was not that the very thing to be desired? What could be nobler than to wear one's self out in a large service for the Master? Was it not, moreover, a clear call of God? Coming without solicitation or even previous knowledge, surely it was the hand of Providence!

When dinner time came nothing had been done on Sunday's sermon, but Abel felt that the morning had not been wasted; for a new and clear light seemed to shine on the pathway of personal duty. After dinner was ended and the children had gone to school, he determined to share with Zillah the results of his morning meditation, not doubting that she would rejoice with him in the conclusion at which he had arrived.

"Zillah," he began, "the more I think about that call to Temple Church the more deeply it impresses me."

"Why, I didn't suppose you were thinking about it at all," replied Zillah. "I had taken it for granted that we were permanently settled here in Bethpeor, that you had abjured the calling system, and that the work here was paramount to everything else."

"Yes, I know that the work here is exceedingly important, and it is dearer to me than I can express; but I have no doubt there are many other men who can do it just as well as I, and at least fifty of them are ready and waiting to step in if I should leave. We have been here a long time as pastorates go nowadays. And really this call to New Jericho seems like a call of God to come up higher. I would not have sought such a call on any account. I would not even have given a single word of encouragement to the committee had they consulted me before sending it. But it has come so spontaneously and so heartily that I am not sure whether it would be right to ignore it. Why, Zillah, it is the opportunity of a lifetime! Would I not be doing an injustice to myself and to my family were I to refuse?"

"Now, Abel, isn't there just a trace of the spirit of Laban in that argument? You remember that when Laban saw the earring and the bracelets that Eleazar had brought, he said, 'The thing proceedeth from the Lord!' Honestly, I believe that the same golden argument convinces many a man today that calls proceed from the Lord. Men rarely recognize the voice of the Lord in a call to smaller fields and diminished salaries. You know that you have refused several such calls yourself."

"But surely, Zillah, it is hardly to be expected that any man would deliberately take a downward step of that kind. Every man ought to look for advance and promotion if he is a man of any energy or ambition. Dr. Jepson says that every minister ought to take the largest field that opens to him. And you will confess that the doctor is a fine man, thoroughly spiritual and consecrated, and also that he lives up consistently to his own principle."

"Yes, Abel, I remember that maxim of Dr. Jepson's; and I think it is a most pernicious one, the more so because it is the utterance of a man of such noble character as Dr. Jepson. His words carry great weight, especially with those who know him best, and that oft quoted remark of his has done not a little, I fear, to increase the restlessness of the ministry and the scramble for the best pulpits. The ministry of our denomination in America has come down pretty near the level of the most worldly business men in this talk about advancement and the universal ambition to secure prominent positions. I do not believe that a minister is subject to any different law in this matter from any other Christian man; but I do believe that the spirit of rivalry and self-seeking is out of place among Christian men in any sphere. The law of sacrifice and the spirit of self-forgetful devotion to one's mission ought to control all Christian lives."

"Very true, my dear. But you are looking at one side of the question only. The salary and the position are attractive, of course; but, after all, they are the tokens of a correspondingly large work. Now do you not think that every man should be doing the largest possible work in the world? If I can accomplish twice as much as I am now accomplishing, is it not my duty to do so? I think that is the real meaning of Dr. Jepson's utterance. A larger call means more work, greater effort in the service of the Master, increased opportunity to uplift and save men. Our large cities are the great centers of influence that determine public opinion and mold national life and character. The sermons of our metropolitan preachers are read throughout the entire country and they exert an influence that cannot easily be measured."

"I am not so sure about the influence. Most of our leading men were born and grew up in the rural villages, and their characters were formed amid their early surroundings. I believe that some of our home missionaries have more to do with the formation of national character than do the preachers in our largest city pulpits.

"Don't you remember old Father Shearing, who went directly from the seminary to the little village of Rugby Corner in a remote section of New England, and spent the entire forty years of his ministerial life there? A man of good ability, with a wife that would have graced the parsonage of any city church in the land. They brought up a family of five or six children, all of whom received good educations; yet he never had more than three or four hundred dollars a year as salary during his entire pastorate. The influence of that consecrated man and his family was felt by an entire generation of young people that grew up under his ministry. You know how that influence has extended itself, not by sermons reported in the papers—for Father Shearing never got into the papers, except by way of an obituary at the last—but through the medium of the 'living epistles' that he sent out all over the land. His oldest son entered the ministry and, going to a home missionary field

in the West, founded and built up what has since proved to be one of the strongest churches in a leading Western city. The other sons and daughters went out to various cities and all became influential citizens and active Christian workers. The young men and women of the village, as they grew up, many of them went to neighboring towns and cities and became pillars in large churches, earnest and helpful citizens, men and women who occupied positions of trust and influence in the communities whither they went.

"You have more than once told me of that one who came to college after he was married and had a family of growing children. And when you asked him why he entered college so late in life and in the face of such difficulties, he told you that he was the only one of his generation from Rugby Corner who had not made his mark in the world, and he did not wish to be left wholly behind.

"Now I wonder how many a pastor of a large city church can show as good a record as that. Did Father Shearing do himself and his family an injustice by staying forty years in a little village like Rugby Corner? He unquestionably made a great sacrifice in so doing; but was not that just what Jesus would have done in his place? Since he died a long procession of men has passed through that pulpit, many of them abler men than he; but they have felt that they owed it to themselves to seek larger fields after a year or two, and the result is a marked deterioration of character in the younger people of the place. Today no young man ever thinks of going to college from Rugby Corner."

"A strong plea indeed, my dear, you have made. Father Shearing's life certainly impresses me more favorably than Dr. Jepson's principle. Yet there are other points to be considered. It is all very well for me to give myself to this work among factory people, and to accept the social and intellectual limitations of Bethpeor as the inevitable conditions of my work here. But do I not owe it to you and to the children to accept the better privileges that would come with this call? Huppim and Muppim are nearly ready for college, Hepzibah is half way through the high school, and the other children are coming along rapidly in their studies. I believe we ought to do the very best we can for them in the matter of education. It is about all we shall leave them, and with it they will be able to make their way in the world. I want them all to be well fitted for college and to have sufficient time to make a good record there. My own hurried fit and the necessity of working to pay my way sadly interfered with my standing and reputation as a scholar."

"Really, Abel, I don't think you ought to distinguish between yourself and the family. As for myself, I have always felt that you and I are one in all things. When we came to Bethpeor I believed that God had called me as truly as he had called you—had called me because he had called you. I am perfectly willing to forego the social advantages and other attractions of New Jericho for the sake of our work here. You are getting a strong hold on these factory people. They believe in you, and you can lead them to higher lives. If you leave them, they will approve your course from a purely worldly point of view, will congratulate you on your success, will feel proud of this recognition of your merits; yet deep down in their hearts they will lose faith in the Christly spirit. They will come to believe that every man looks after his own interests first. There are scores, yes hundreds of men ready to jump at a call from Temple Church. That church does not need you, and Bethpeor does need you. For my part, I should be very sorry to have you go, for I love these people even if they do murder the king's English."

"But what about the children, Zillah?"

"We need not worry about the children. They are all well and strong and can help themselves through college as you did. It won't hurt them to shift for themselves a bit. They will be all the better for it. What if they do not take quite so high rank in their classes? They will more than make up for that by the gain in character and purpose."

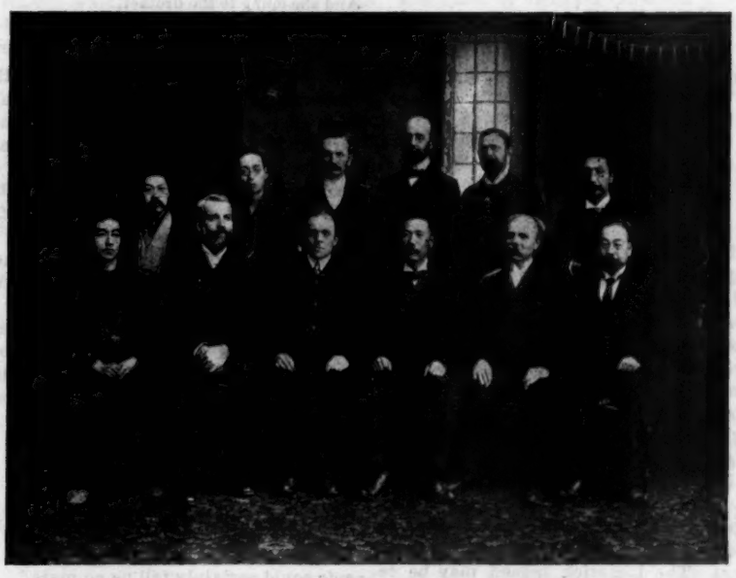
"Then you do not believe that this is a call of the Lord?"

"No, indeed, I do not! I think it is a temptation of the devil. He is not a very hideous devil, I confess. Rather a handsome and attractive fellow, like Satan in Ary Scheffer's famous picture of The Temptation on the Mountain Top; but a genuine devil none the less."

Abel whistled softly to himself in a meditative manner as he put on his hat and gloves and set out for an afternoon of calls. Some of those upon whom he called thought he had a rather absent air as though thinking about something besides their coughs and asthma, and rheumatism and personal grievances. But they all liked Meholah and knew that he would be more attentive and sympathetic next time. Before the afternoon was over, however, he had become thoroughly aroused to his work by discussing several schemes which he was arranging for the good of the young people of Bethpeor and by coming into contact with two or three individual cases in which he was particularly interested, young men whom he had rescued from evil ways and was gradually leading to higher aims and purposes.

Next morning he went into his study and wrote a very courteous but very decided note to the committee of Temple Church, declining their call. As he read it to Zillah, she listened to the end and then added, "Which being interpreted means, 'Get thee hence, Satan.'"

Japan's Union Hymn-Book Commission



For the past three years a commission representing Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists and Disciples (Church of Christ) has been quietly and busily at work preparing a hymn-book which may be used by these various denominations. Rev. Mr. Miwa, a Congregational teacher, has done a good deal of the necessary translating, and Rev. George Allchin, of the American Board's staff in Japan, has devoted most of his time to the work since the committee organized. The new book will contain 450 hymns, 125 of which appear in the recently issued revised Episcopal hymnal. These 125 are to be known as the Uniform Hymns and the publication of the Episcopal book was delayed some months in order to include them. The new hymnal is being printed by the Methodist Mission Press and a Japanese press in Yokohama, and the edition goes on sale about Oct. 1. The members of the commission portrayed above are as follows: sitting, from the right, Rev. H. Kozaki, Congregational pastor; Rev. George Allchin, A. B. C. F. M.; Rev. H. Wada, Presbyterian pastor; Rev. P. A. Davey, Disciples Mission; Rev. D. S. Spencer, Methodist; Rev. K. Miwa, Congregational teacher.

Standing, from the right: Mr. S. Yuya, Presbyterian teacher; Rev. W. B. Parshley, American Baptist Mission; Rev. T. M. MacNair, Presbyterian Mission; Rev. H. H. Coates, Methodist church of Canada; Rev. U. Bessho, Methodist teacher; Mr. D. Fujimoto, Baptist teacher.

XUM

The Home and Its Outlook

The Native

Rocks, I am one with you;
Sea, I am yours.
Your rages come and go,
Your strength endures.

Passion may burn and fade;
Pain surge and cease.
My still soul rests unchanged
Through storm and peace.

Fir-tree, beaten by wind,
Sombre, austere,
Your sap is in my veins,
O kinsman dear.

Your fibres rude and true
My sinews feed—
Sprung of the same bleak earth,
The same rough seed.

The tempest harries us.
It raves and dies;
And wild limbs rest again
Under wide skies.

Grass, that the salt hath scourged,
Dauntless and gray,
Though the harsh season chide
Your scant array,

Year by year you return
To conquer fate.
The clean life nourishing you
Makes me, too, great.

O rocks, O fir-tree brave,
O grass and sea!
Your strength is mine, and you
Endure with me.

—*Charles G. D. Roberts, in The Book of the Rose (Page).*

"Limericks"

BY WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

Have you ever tried the effect of reciting one of those five-line stanzas, called "Limericks," on a person who has never heard one? I assure you that to watch the gradual unbending of a great mind over one of those little poems, as it passes from bewilderment to contempt and then gradually to unrestrained and childish delight, is an experience well worth attempting.

It does not always prove so. There are some people whose natures are not attuned to subtle delights and who ever remain in outer and unappreciating darkness. The Limerick indeed may be regarded as an infallible test of mental and moral fiber. It is better than palmistry. If a stranger laughs boisterously at your first attempt, look upon him with suspicion. Try him with others and if he keeps chortling and shows no discrimination, shun him. He probably wants to borrow money. If, instead of listening respectfully to your recitation, he insists on repeating verses of his own, regard him as a conceited ead. But if he hearkens with a willing and open heart, measuring his applause by merit and not for flattery, and responds, at request, modestly with his own selections, then you may count that you have met one of those rare souls upon whom you may freely bestow your dinners, your goods, or your sister. These are they of whom Stevenson said:

"Men who fish, botanize, work with the turning lathe, or gather seaweeds will make admirable husbands; and a little amateur painting in water-colors shows the innocent and quiet mind."

There is an individual as well as a social delight in reading Limericks. Placid people who like to play solitaire enjoy them, and as such are usually incapable of verbal memory, they have here a special joy which none can share or take away.

But a subtle danger lurks in the Limerick habit as incurable as the insane repetitions fostered by the "Punch, brothers, punch with care" verses of twenty years ago. Most people who hear a few verses immediately try to write some. The other day I repeated in a casual way to a serious-minded doctor of divinity of my acquaintance the following harmless statement:

There was an old man in Tarentum,
Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent 'em.
When asked what they cost,
In case they were lost,
He replied, "I don't know, for I rent 'em."

This remark did not seem to make much impression at the time, but a few days later he handed me this frivolous lyric:

There was a fair Christian Endeavorer
Whose pastor, she thought, had none cleverer.
He preached, "Love one another,"
And she clung to the brother,
Till they had to use cant hooks to sever her.

This I trust is an extreme case.

The literary critic should give to the Limerick a loftier place in literature than has been his wont to do. It has certain distinguishing qualities that are often sought for elsewhere in vain. It stands a by no means unworthy test beside the triolet, which is adapted only for amatory uses, while the Limerick is suited for all ranges. Like the sonnet, it may include a great range in little space, and it excels the sonnet, for it says its say in five lines instead of fourteen. Let me give a few illustrations of this capacity for a wide range within meager bounds. Take this graphic tragedy from our modern strenuous life:

Little Jones has an automobile,
Upon which he does rapidly steal.
A dog viewed the load
From the midst of the road—
And they're wiping him off from the wheel.

The motion is epic in its swiftness and an epic could certainly tell us no more!

And here is a narrative of dangerous adventure:

There was a young man who was bitten
By twenty-two cats and a kitten.
Sighed he, "It is clear
That my finish is near;
No matter: I'll die like a Briton!"

Even the haps and mishaps of domestic and child life are not forgotten by the shaper of these crystal lyrics.

Said artful young Jimmy McCanse,
"Of a whipping I stand a good chance.
But I guess it won't hurt,
For there's boards in my shirt,
And I've got on just six pairs of pants!"

If it be desired to extend the consideration of any theme a Limerick-sequence is just as practicable as a sonnet-sequence. A peculiarly large proportion of this kind of poems has to do—I know not why—with the pleasures of the table. This string of gourmandizing gems might be entitled

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF EATIN'

I.

There was a young lady named Perkins,
Who just simply doted on gherkins.
Against all advice
She ate so much spice,
She pickled her internal workin's.

II.

There was an old man of Dundee,
Who always put sand in his tea;
He awoke with a shock
When he found that a rock
Had formed in the inside of he.

III.

There was a young girl in Passaic
Who doted on strawberry ca-ake,
And crullers she'd munch
With a horrible crunch
Till her jaw bones did actually a-ache.

IV.

There was a fat man on the Rhine,
Who was asked, "At what hour do you dine?"
He replied, "At eleven,
Three, four, five and seven,
Six, eight and a quarter to nine."

So it seems that all the strings of the harp can be strung to the Limerick, and as it can also be sung as a solo or duet to the piano or the jew's harp, it deserves to be called the universal, the people's verse.

Yet the noblest poet need not scorn the Limerick as an instrument for his muse. It is not easy to write a good one. Edmund Lear composed 226, but how many of them are immortal? The best Limerick has three elements: a perfect musical rhythm, the element of surprise in the development of the theme, and that delight of the artist—an unusual rhyme. These three conditions are all exemplified in the following:

There was a young bride in Antigua,
Who said to her love, "What a pig you are!"
He replied, "Oh, my queen,
Is it manners you mean,
Or do you refer to my fig-u-ar?"

The Limerick suits every human need in verse from the comic valentine to the condensed novel, and from the "ad" to the paraphrase. Many an old, old story takes on a freshness of meaning when thus turned from prose to verse. There is the famous legend, for example, of

THE ARTIST AND THE LADY

A lady on viewing a picter,
Found that wonder and joy had transfixed her.
Of the artist she prayed
How such colors were made.
He replied, "Ma'am, with brains in my mixture."

This critical study has pretty well covered the topic. It will probably serve as an incitement to others, but before bidding the theme adieu, a few unclassified specimens may well be embalmed in this imperishable form:

SHREDDED WHEAT IMPROVED

Shredded wheat I don't fancy at all,
But one hint might to makers recall:
When they're making the thing,
Why cut off the string;
Why not serve it wound up in the ball?

THE THERMOPOLITE

There was an old man of Thermopy'æ,
Who never did anything properly;
But they said, "If you choose

To boil eggs in your shoes,
You cannot remain in Thermopylæ."

TRY, TRY, AGAIN

There was a young maid who said, "Why
Can't I look in my ear with my eye?
If I give my mind to it,
I'm sure I can do it,
You never can tell till you try."

What They Miss

I found out long ago that those who get the best return from their flower gardens were those who kept no gardeners, and it is the same way with the child garden; those who are too overbusy, irresponsible, ignorant, or rich to do without the orthodox nurse, never can know precisely what they lose. To watch a baby untrammelled with clothes, dimple, glow, and expand in its bath, is in an intense personal degree like watching, early of a June morning, the first opening bud of a rose that you have coaxed and raised from a mere cutting. You hoped and believed that it would be fair and beautiful, but ah, what a glorious surprise it is!

And so it is at the other end of day, when sleep comes over the garden and all the flowers that have been basking in sun vigor relax and their colors are subdued, blended by the brush of darkness, and the night wind steals new perfumes from them, and wings of all but a few night birds have ceased to cleave the air. As you walk among the flowers and touch them, or throw back the casement and look out, you read new meanings everywhere.

In the white cribs in the alcove the same change comes, bright eyes, hair, cheeks, and lips lie blended in the shadow, the only sound is the even breath of night, and when you press your lips behind the ear where a curl curves and neck and garments meet, there comes a little fragrance born of sweet flesh and new flannel, and the only motion is that of the half-open hand that seems to recognize and closes about your fingers as a vine to its trellis, or as a sleeping bird clings to its perch.

A gardener or a nurse is equally a door between one and these silent pleasures, for who would not steal up now and then from a troubled dream to satisfy with sight and touch that the babes are really there and all is well?—*From People of the Whirlpool (Macmillan).*

White Alder

(Clethra)

I know a nunnery which no man heeds
  Or loves save me, because a faithful band
  Of willows hem it in on either hand,
To where a little pool o'ergrown with weeds
  Bars all intruders, while in front flags stand
  As wardens o'er a mile of meadow land—
Broad banner-bearers of a host of reeds!

Within, close sheltered by the willow screen
  From alien eyes, with palms spread to the sun,
And faultless face uplifted, all unseen,
  And all unseeing, prays a silent nun,
  Wrapped in a veil no earthly hands have spun,
God's one white thing in this his world of green.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

For the Children

Night and Day

When I run about all day,
When I kneel at night to pray,
  God sees.

When I'm dreaming in the dark,
When I lie awake and hark,
  God sees.

Need I ever know a fear?
Night and day my Father's near:—
  God sees.

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

Polly's Day of "Fun"

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

Polly Ann Smith was plainly in a bad temper. Her forehead was puckered into ugly frowns, and her eyes looked out from beneath with a cold, unloving gleam.

To begin with, Polly did not like her name, and as today was the first day of school, she had just been obliged to tell it to the new teacher. Moreover, Annabel Moore sat right across the aisle and the teacher had called Annabel "dear"—Polly thought "Annabel" the prettiest name in all the world, and "Polly" the homeliest.

When recess came, Polly marched off by herself into a corner; from there she sulkily watched her friends playing tag. Pretty soon, a pair of flying little feet dashed by her, and a smart tap tingled on her arm.

"Tag! You're it!" exclaimed Annabel Moore, breathlessly.

"I ain't neither—I ain't playing!" said Polly, sourly.

Annabel laughed good-naturedly.

"O come, Polly," she coaxed. "Don't be so grumpy. Come—be good and play."

"I don't want to be good! Good folks are stupid!" declared Polly, crossly.

"Why Polly Smith, what an idea!" exclaimed Annabel in a shocked voice.

"Well, they are," insisted Polly, again. Poor Polly's father and mother were dead, and Polly had spent the greater part of her ten years of life in the care of her grandparents, who were good, and who meant to be kind, but who were very strict and severe. They did not understand in the least how to make a small maid of ten happy.

Annabel's cheeks flushed scarlet.

"My papa and mamma are good and they are not stupid! I know lots of other folks who are good, too," said she, stoutly.

"Well, what is being good?" demanded Polly, quickly.

The sudden question surprised Annabel not a little, but she began her answer bravely enough, though she faltered after the first two words.

"Why, it's—it's—being good, of course; doing things for folks to make 'em happy. You—you won't be happy yourself, either, if you aren't good!" she added with sudden dignity, trying to speak like mamma.

Polly shrugged her shoulders and turned away.

"How perfectly horrid everything and everybody is today," she thought miserably. "I'm sure if there's anything to make me happy, I'd like to try it."

A few minutes later, recess being over, Polly sat in her seat, listlessly turning the leaves of her Reader. Suddenly she started, and looked fixedly at a few words near the top of one of the pages. "The easiest way to be happy one's self is to make some one else happy," she read, and shut the book with a bang, causing the teacher to look down sharply at her.

Hard as she tried, Polly could not drive this new idea from her thoughts and it made her restless all the afternoon. By night she had sullenly decided to "try it and see what 'twas good for, anyhow!" She made up her mind that she would begin the next morning and see if she could find any one to make happy. She told herself that "'twouldn't work," but she went to bed that night with a queer little exultant feeling, much as though she were about to try a new game.

The first thing Polly thought of the next morning was her new plan. She jumped out of bed and ran happily to the window, but a frown quickly appeared on her forehead—it was raining, and Polly particularly disliked rain.

Her face was the picture of woe when she sat down to the breakfast table. She had forgotten all about what she was going to try to do that day, nor did she think of it again until she saw her grandmother hunting everywhere for her glasses.

"O dear," thought Polly, impatiently, "I wonder if that is the kind of things that makes folks happy! Have I got to hunt up those tiresome glasses?"

But in another moment she was searching in what she knew were the favorite hiding-places of those frequently lost glasses, and it was not long before she found them and carried them with sheepish smile to her grandmother.

"Why, thank you—er—dear," murmured the old lady in some surprise.

Polly turned quickly and ran out of the room. There was a queer little feeling in her throat; she wondered what it was.

"Pooh! I don't see as I am so very happy," she declared, with a sour look out into the rain. Then she put on her hat and coat, and catching up her books and her lunch basket, opened her umbrella and started for school.

Just ahead of her she spied the familiar red hair belonging to Nellie Jones, and involuntarily her steps shortened. Polly did not like Nellie Jones; in fact, none of the girls did, and the poor child was left forlorn on all occasions. Nellie had made several attempts to be friendly with Polly, but in vain, for Polly had not hesitated to snub her unmercifully, regardless of all rules of kindness or politeness.

For a minute Polly hesitated.

"Dear me!" said she to herself with a despairing sigh. "I s'pose 'twould make her happy, now, if I let her walk to school with me. Well, then, I expect I'll have to do it—but I don't see as there is anything so very happyfying to *me* in this sort of doings!" And she hastened her steps until she reached Nellie's side.

"Do you want to walk under my

umbrella?" asked Polly a trifle ungraciously.

The supreme delight that showed at once on Nellie's plain little face sent that same queer feeling again to Polly's throat. By the time the schoolhouse was reached, the two girls were chatting quite happily together; Nellie was telling Polly of a brand-new place to find blackberries.

The morning passed quietly. Polly began to take a strange interest in looking for chances to loan her pet pencils and the big, soft sponge that the other girls so admired. She was wonderfully gracious with her smiles all the morning, too.

"At lunch time Polly opened her basket eagerly. She was unusually hungry, perhaps because she had played "tag" and "fox and geese" so heartily at recess time. The thin slices of bread and butter and the cold chicken looked very tempting as she spread them out on her napkin which she used as a table cloth. The small frosted cake was Polly's favorite kind, and there was a luscious bunch of grapes for desert.

Polly's little white teeth sunk happily into the bread and butter, and her thumb and forefinger had just picked up a generous piece of chicken, when her roving eyes chanced to fall upon two hard-looking biscuits and a doughnut that lay on a desk near her. Nellie Jones sat dejectedly before this unappetizing array of food, and Polly could not help noticing that Nellie's eyes were gazing longingly in the direction of her own chicken and grapes.

"Dear suz me!" sighed Polly. "Why is it that it's always the hard things to do that makes other folks happy!" Then she beckoned Nellie to come to her.

The little girl jumped to her feet and almost flew to Polly's side.

"I—I'm not so very hungry, after all, Nellie," said Polly, gulping down something that seemed to rise in her throat. "You'll have to help me eat my luncheon, I guess."

By afternoon Polly had forgotten all about her new "game," as she called it—for her studies and recitations kept her very busy.

When school was dismissed she joined a little group of girls outside the schoolhouse, and helped to make joyous plans for the picnic that was to come off Saturday afternoon. As she turned to go home a little later, she found the new teacher at her side.

"Well, my dear, you seem to be wearing a very smiling face. I think you must be happy over something."

Polly skipped joyously. She was thinking of the picnic.

"I am—and I've had lots of fun, today, too!" she exclaimed; then she suddenly remembered, and stopped short, looking up into the teacher's face in astonishment. "Why, Miss Adams—it did work, didn't it?"

"What 'worked' my dear? I haven't the least idea what you mean," replied Miss Adams, in mild surprise.

Polly laughed, and colored a rosy red.

"O, nothing much, but—I—I guess I'll try it again, sometime!"

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.
—*Lowell.*

Closet and Altar

THE LOVE OF GOD

God, being rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead through our trespasses, quickened us together with Christ.

The sacrifice of Christ is a part of the very essence of Christianity, but the basis of Christianity is the eternal love of God.—*Henry Drummond.*

Life nor death shall us dissever
From His love who reigns forever;
Will He fail us? never, never!
When to Him we cry.

But His might shall still defend us,
And His blessed Son befriend us,
And His Holy Spirit send us
Comfort ere we die.

No maze to lose one's self in like the labyrinth of love. How sweet to be outdone, overcome and overwhelmed by the astonishing grace of the Lord our God.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

God's love is not rounded out until I respond to it.—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

It is of supreme importance to the reality of our Christian life that we should refuse to separate between these divine attributes of *Mercy* and *Truth*; that we should not say simply, "God loves us," without drawing out the implicit truth, "and wishes us to be like himself." The true test of our theology is worship; because the spirit of worship includes and reconciles the spirit of love and the spirit of holy fear, which are our creaturely recognition of the divine mercy and truth.—*H. C. Beeching.*

We have a friend who knows us better than we know ourselves, loves us better than we love ourselves, helps us when we cannot help ourselves and in the midst of our deepest despair breathes into our heart the breath of a new and divine hope.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

Thou know'st our bitterness—our joys are Thine;
No stranger Thou to all our wanderings wild;
Nor could we bear to think how every line
Of us, Thy darkened image and defiled,
Stands in full sunshine of Thy piercing eye,
But that Thou call'st us brethren; sweet repose
Is in that word! the Lord who dwells on high
Knows all, yet loves us better than He knows.
—*John Keble.*

Heavenly Father, glorify Thy holy name to us with Thine own self, that in every line of the perfect life wherein Thou hast revealed it, we may see Thy love. In the precepts which Thou dost command, in Thy judgments, as well as in Thy healing and comforting, cause us to feel Thy love of saving from evil, of guiding to the only good. Make sensible to us its tenderness, its compassion, its pity in our failures, its joy in our salvation. For truly to know Thy Fatherly love, in the life which Thou dost teach, is the joy of heaven to men. Open our hearts to know Thee thus, and accept us as Thy children, for Thy name's sake. Amen.

The Daily Portion

THE HANDBOOK BIBLE READINGS

BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN

Aug 9, Sunday. *Christ's Intercession.—Luke* 22: 31-34

See how Christ rests in the assurance of answered prayer. Peter's fall was provided for and his use of life when he had turned again. Weakness is no excuse for sin, but the repentant man may have a power of sympathy which brings him close to others. But Christ had this power of sympathy through temptation, without sin. We all live in the security of Christ's prayers—we should never sin against them.

Aug. 10. *Provision for the New Time.—Luke* 22: 35-38.

A new era had dawned, with new requirements. The kingdom had its way to make among men and without the visible presence of its king. Prudence—even self-defense are required and permitted but always with responsibility. Here is the educational standing ground of common life. We are to take staff and scrip—even a sword—but we are to use them in a Christlike spirit. Compare the provision of food in the wilderness and the dependence on the corn of the land after Israel had entered in. But God was behind the harvest as he was behind the manna—and as he is behind our common life.

Aug. 11. *Gethsemane.—Matt.* 26: 30, 36-46.

There are griefs and conflicts which we cannot share and yet in which the companionship of love is comfort. Peter, James and John were offered this ministry of silence but, as on the mount of transfiguration, they were not equal to its opportunity. What loving sorrow and gentle reproach! more for their weakness than neglect. How often must Christ take comfort in foresight of what his poor disciples some day are to to be. Have we no real impatience to hasten that time of his satisfaction? Jesus fought out his battle and came with dauntless courage to his trial and the cross. It is in Gethsemane conflicts that the great triumphs of outward showing are really won.

Aug. 12. *Jesus and Judas.—Matt.* 26: 47-56.

Here is the restriction. The appeal to the sword implies the judgment of the sword. Let those who rest in an unthinking optimism remember Judas. How settled was Christ's conviction that his death was part of an unfolding plan, when he quotes Scripture even in the moment of arrest. They all left him and fled—were these fit founders of a world religion?

Aug. 13. *Jesus and Annas.—John* 18: 12-24.

Annas and his sons had grown rich through the temple booths for the sale of materials for sacrifice. To him therefore Jesus was specially obnoxious—he had threatened his wealth. Peter follows, but his faith and courage have evaporated. To be a joyful Christian one must be outspoken. Shame and rejoicing cannot live together in the heart.

Aug. 14. *Jesus and Caiaphas.—Matt.* 26: 57-68.

It is not contempt, but patience with which Jesus treats the court. "This is your hour and the power of darkness." But there is no concealment of his claims. The moment these judges have the testimony they desire the the mask is thrown off and hate acts in character. If they had merely killed him it might have seemed a state necessity—but they insulted him.

Aug. 15. *Jesus and Pilate.—John* 18: 28-40.

Pilate was no weakling. Long experience had hardened him and a single Jewish life would not have cost him a pang. Yet nothing is clearer than the impression which the personality of Jesus made upon him. There was a hunger at the bottom of his callous heart to which Jesus appealed. Even he felt the power of a kingdom not of this world and the influence of its king.

In and Around Chicago

Warren Avenue Church

This important church, pastorless since Dr. Fifield went to Kansas City a year ago, has called Rev. Frank G. Smith of Dubuque, Ia., although it is said the prospects of his removal to Chicago are not encouraging. The members are anxious to secure a pastor as soon as possible, as the protracted vacancy of the pulpit has not been without serious disadvantages. Every effort will be made to persuade Mr. Smith to accept the call and if he comes he will find not only a field large enough to tax all his strength, but a cheering welcome from his ministerial brethren.

Fruit in Old Age

Dr. J. E. Roy, though he has turned over the responsibilities of his secretaryship of the A. M. A. to Dr. Tenney, and is considerably past seventy, with the memories of a golden wedding recently celebrated to stimulate his activity, sends out a list of appointments among the churches in northwestern New York which cover every Sunday in July and September and some of those in October, with midweek services in addition. He modestly states that the month of August is reserved for duty in the office in Chicago during his successor's vacation. Dr. Roy seems to need no vacation. Certainly he is never weary in advocating the cause of the Freedmen whose needs his long residence in the South enables him so fully to understand.

A Deaconess Summer School

The sessions extended from July 8 to 29. They were held in the Chicago Home, 532 West Adams Street, and were attended by several women not connected with the school. Lectures were given by Dr. F. H. Foster on Great Doctrinal and Devotional Passages of the Bible, by Rev. B. S. Winchester on The Prophets, by Rev. H. F. Hegner on Educational Psychology, by Mr. Raymond Robbins on Social Conditions, and by President C. A. Blanchard on Personal Consecration to Service. Time was also set apart for visits to the John Worthy School, a reformatory institution for boys, the Bridewell, the *Daily News* Fresh Air Sanitarium, the Children's Hospital, the Field Museum and many other places of civic and religious interest. The Cook County Sunday School Association has been conducting its summer school in the Seminary Chapel, so that the attendants of the Deaconess School had the privilege of enjoying its sessions also. The work of the Deaconess Home is receiving more and more recognition every year. Miss Colman, the superintendent, is welcomed into our churches and never fails to interest in her work those who hear her. There can be no doubt as to the opportunity for important service in connection with our churches for as many deaconesses as can be properly trained for it.

Mourning for the Pope

References to the Pope were made in almost all of the Congregational pulpits Sunday, and indicated without exception the high esteem in which he has been held. Dr. Loba of Evanston looks upon him as easily the first of all the popes of recent times; Dr. F. E. Hopkins of the Pilgrim Church as representing an institution most worthily, whose survival after 233 persons have filled the papal chair is a testimony to the power and value of Christianity which cannot be set aside. Rev. B. S. Winchester of the New England Church says that Leo, more than any of his predecessors, has realized the ideals of Jesus Christ in his piety, in his moral earnestness, and in fidelity to responsibility. Rev. J. J. Kolmos of Windsor Park compared the doctrines which the Roman and Protestant churches hold in common. In all the Catholic churches elaborate mourning services were held and everywhere the sincere sorrow over his death was manifest. Few cities in this country have a greater interest in the successor of Leo than Chicago. The Roman Catholics far outnumber any one of the Protestant denominations, and their priests, if permitted to have their way, will not be backward in co-operating with Protestant ministers in whatever promises to contribute to the moral welfare of the city. A man with no sympathy for American institutions and no understanding of the American spirit might do us great harm.

The Danville Riot

It was a race riot, and was accompanied by a lynching as brutal as any in the South. The mayor is blamed for inefficiency, but the sheriff stood firmly at his post. Two persons lost their lives and twenty-two were injured, and the state was disgraced a second time within a few months by an appeal to lynch law which has no excuse. Arrests of many of the leaders of the riot have been made, and it is not likely that the parties proved guilty will go unpunished. The serious feature of the affair is that a Negro's crime brought the mob together, and that it came together not because there was any fear that the law would not be faithfully exercised but because of the hatred which the miners, and especially German miners, have long been cherishing toward their colored fellow-citizens. The ministers of the colored churches in Chicago took occasion Sunday, July 26, to preach upon the subject and to call attention to the fact that unless this habit of lynching Negroes for their crimes ceases there will be a race war even in Chicago.

Quinn Chapel

This chapel, which belongs to the oldest colored church in the city, celebrated its fifty-seventh anniversary Sunday, July 26, and in addition to the services ordinarily held on such occasions raised over $1,100 towards the payment of a debt on its house of worship. This church has been very influential and, though nominally Methodist, has yet been a rallying point for colored people of all denominations.

Chicago, Aug. 1. FRANKLIN.

In and Around Boston

A Jubilee Celebration Completed

The American Congregational Association has fitly completed its celebration of its fiftieth anniversary by issuing, in handsome pamphlet form, a report of its jubilee meeting in Tremont Temple, May 25, with a historical sketch, the remarks of its president, Mr. W. O. Blaney, and the address of Dr. George A. Gordon on Denominational Memories and Inspirations. It is illustrated with four portraits of the men especially characterized in the address as Congregational leaders, Bushnell, Beecher, Park and Storrs, and with an excellent portrait of Dr. Gordon. Nothing is wanting except a picture of the Congregational House, which with its library is the monument of the fifty years' work of the association.

Hell is self-indulgence.—*James Hinton.*

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The Conversation Corner

Children Camping on the Yellowstone

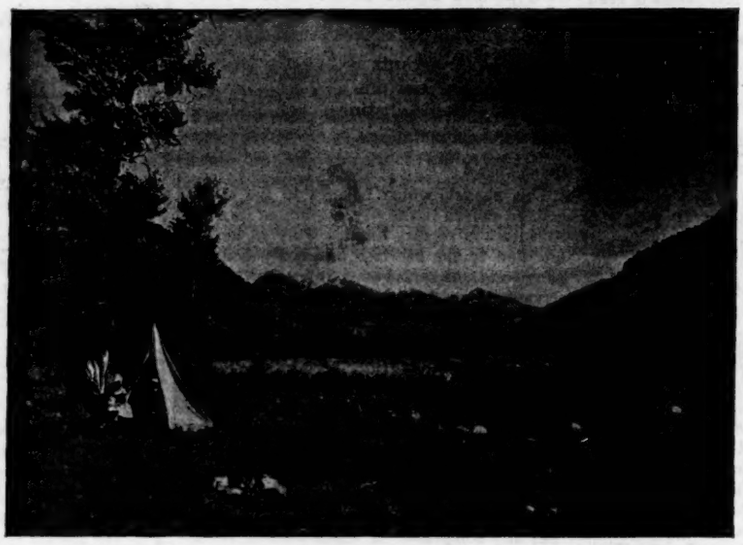
THERE is no such anonymousity in the Corner picture this week as there was in our two previous illustrations. We know where the camp is, and (after some study) who the campers are. I will print the letters that came with the photograph.

Dear Mr. Martin: Please may I come into the Corner? I am six years old. Kenyon and I went up the river and pitched a tent under a tree and made a little camp fire. I took a little black doll. Papa says perhaps Captain Clark camped under the same big tree. I have a pair of twin kittys. Their names are Ricki and Ticki. Papa saw their names in the Corner. I call them Rick and Tick. If you ever come to the Yellowstone Park please stop and see me.

MARTHA LEAVITT C.

Livingston, Mont.

How names do travel—here is Kipling's *Rikki-tikki-tavi* imported from India to Massachusetts, and, when Ada's kitty bearing the name was driven from its home, lo, it appears again on the banks of the Yellowstone among the mountains of Montana! (See Corners of Jan. 31 and April 11.) The other letter is signed "Old Guide," and tells more about the picture and the children in it.



Dear Mr. Martin: Here are two explorers camping on the trail of Lewis and Clark. . . . I asked the boy if he would not write up the expedition for the Corner, but as he declined the girl has acted as historian. Notwithstanding her name, she does not claim any relationship to the first Clark who camped on the Yellowstone. Nor is the boy's name Lewis, but he is descended from a patriotic Revolutionary family. There is a street in a well-known New England city, and a church on it bearing the same name, in honor of some of his grandfathers. A country village near by also bears the name.

The spot where these children are camping is near where Captain Clark "halted three hours," on July 15, 1806. He says, "They reached the Yellowstone itself about a mile and a half below where it issues from the Rocky Mountains." That is what we call the lower cañon of the Yellowstone—the narrow valley between the hills, about midway in the picture. If any other explorers take this famous trail these two will be glad to hear about it in the Corner.

I wish "these two" had told us a little more about their camping out, what they had to eat, whether they climbed that tree or any of those big hills, and especially about those animals apparently feeding at the right of the picture; are they buffaloes or antelopes or coyotes—or cows?

Those mysterious hints about the boy's name interested me, and I resolved to "watch out," as they say in the West, for one that would fit him. On my recent Connecticut trip I was riding on a trolley car in Hartford (which is of course "a well-known New England city"), and heard the conductor call out *Talcott Street.* I asked him if there was a church on the street by that name, and he said there was. A little later I happened to visit *Talcottville,* which is "a country village near by"—a beautiful one, too—and on inquiry found that the Yellowstone camp boy was a cousin of the very family where I was stopping! I might as well tell you that the Congregational Year Book helped me a little in the search, for I often notice that the children of the minister and Sunday school superintendent are likely to write to the Corner. The girl's middle name interested me, too, for it has an unmistakable New England sound; and now I learn from "constant readers" of the O. F. column in Dorchester that the little girl was named from their family when they lived in Nebraska!

But there is history as well as genealogy connected with this picture, especially at just this time when so much is said and written of the "Louisiana Purchase." Lewis and Clarke referred to in the second letter were two young men sent out by President Jefferson to explore the great and unknown West. They started from Washington just one hundred years ago—in July, 1803—although they did not leave the village of log-cabins on the Mississippi called St. Louis until the following spring. They ascended the Missouri to its headwaters, crossed the Rockies and descended the Columbia to the Pacific, a journey full of difficulty and adventure which occupied a year and a half.

The "Lewis and Clarke Expedition" was a very famous one, and the history of it from their journals has been published in many editions, and would be very interesting reading now for Corner boys. The lady in the Athenæum tells me there is a small book about it recently published (Lighton's Lewis and Clarke, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., school edition, 50 cts.); after you have read that, you may wish to look up the whole romantic story in your public libraries. Tell me if you do!

And now let's see what we have for letters. The Corner Drawer has overflowed—should I say overflown?—and left fifty at least on my table; I almost despair of ever getting them all into print—will the writers excuse me if I do not? [I will excuse both you and the letters, Mr. Martin!—D. F.]

For the Old Folks

MORE QUESTIONS

Now that we have roused the Indians in the Old Folks' memories we may have as much to do with them as Lewis and Clarke did with the Mandans and the Shoshones! Here are two inquiries.

I wish an Indian's lament which used to be in one of the old readers, but I do not find any one who can tell me where to look. The beginning of it was:

O why does the white man follow my path,
Like the hound on the tiger's track?

Kennebunkport, Me. C.

I wish to inquire for two songs which, among many others, my mother used to sing to her children during the long winter evenings. One rehearsed the bravery of a captive Indian chief, as he was about to be tortured, the first lines being,

Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain;
For the son of Alknoonac will never complain.

The other was in praise of the whip-poor-will's song, beginning thus,

The sun had descended beneath the green wave,
The soft dews of evening the wild flowers lave,
The gentle queen of night beamed o'er yon rising hill,
As I listened to the notes of the lonely whip-poor-will.

F. J. S.

So. Framingham, Ms.

Some two years ago there appeared in two numbers of your paper reminiscences of Rev. Chauncey Lee, D. D., formerly of Colebrook, Ct., who had been pastor in Marlborough, Ct., the town of my birth, for nine years from 1828. He was an author of some repute, writing theological books and an arithmetic [The American Accomptant, 1797]. He was also a noted wit. I often heard allusions in my early days to a poem of his, delivered at the last annual meeting and banquet of the Bachelors' Club of Hebron, Marlborough, Colchester and other towns, with such effect that the club soon disbanded, many of the members having married. I can recall only two lines, and am unable to find any one who remembers more. These lines are,

And these bachelors, they have no heart within,
But one enormous gizzard!

I should be very glad to hear from any one about the rest of the poem.

Hartford, Ct. H. T.

I find biographical accounts of this excellent man and of his remarkable wit, but no trace of the poem. This correspondent, being Mr. *T.* and living in Hartford, may know not only about that street and church and country village—see adjacent column—but about the Montana boy in the tent!

Mr. Martin

The Devil in the Heart*

By Rev. A. E. Dunning

A Unitarian minister in a recent sermon thus described the hell that many men make for themselves in this world:

The envy and jealously that make this fair green earth a stagnant, foul and slimy pool; the greed that causes us to look upon every man as an enemy and a possible victim for our spoliation; the ambition for power and place which no fulfillment can satisfy; the conscious desire for material wealth and ease, the passions of which we dare not speak; the unkindness toward others which we allow ourselves secretly and openly; all motives of self-indulgence, self-gratification, self-exaltation, at the expense of other lives—how all these blast and curse us and others! How they shut us out from real possession of the best things! How they separate us from other spirits and from God, and shut us up in the poor little miserable world which we thus make for ourselves!

A concrete picture of this state of mind is drawn in the story of King Saul. It is the gloomier and sadder because the man who destroyed himself had the greatest opportunity of any one of his time in his own nation, and in the eyes of the best judges was most fit to meet that opportunity. He was chosen by God, by the wise and experienced leader of the tribes of Israel and by all the people to organize them into a nation, to lead them against their enemies, and to create their religious and civil institutions. These questions answered by the Bible record, will lead us to discover the reasons for his fall:

1. *What invited and provoked the evil spirit to enter Saul?* First, the loyalty of a faithful servant. "David came to Saul and stood before him, and he loved him greatly." If the king had allowed his lieutenant to enjoy his service of his master, his kingdom wou'd have been strengthened by every deed he did. But jealousy fostered filled Saul with the suspicion that David was working only for himself.

David won Jonathan's heart and Saul harbored the thought that his son's affections were being stolen away from him.

David's victory over the Philistine champion, when he risked his life against such odds that Saul was sure he would not win, was to save Saul's kingdom. When the women sang his praises, if Saul had joined them he would have proved himself the greater hero. But, displeased and angry, "Saul eyed David from that day and forward." Saul discovered David and gave him to the people. "All Israel and Judah loved David, for he went out and came in before them." A generous soul would have rejoiced that he could do so much for them. But Saul repressed his generous spirit and nursed his jealousy. Thus the devil found an open door into his heart and went in and abode there.

2. *How did the power of the devil grow in Saul?* He brooded over David's success and attributed it to an unworthy motive: "What can he have more but the kingdom?" A right-minded man would have looked with pride and joy on the young man's splendid service, and would have used it to inspire the people to greater courage and devotion to their country. But the king's heart was already diseased and evil.

David's music, which at first charmed the moody monarch, now aggravated him. That which was meant to soothe him increased his irritation.

The time soon came when he lost his self-control, disclosed his hatred by an attempt to murder his friend, and became reckless because he knew that others had seen the worst in him.

3. *What did the devil accomplish in Saul?* He begot a constant harrowing fear of David. "When Saul saw that he behaved himself very wisely, he stood in awe of him." The more honorably and usefully the servant did, the more unwisely and hatefully the king acted. He removed David from his immediate service, put him in an office where he came closer in contact with the people, and where the king would be more likely to imagine that his servant was plotting against him.

The devil led Saul into a conspiracy with his servants to expose David to danger and lead him to his death at the hands of the Philistines. When Saul had offered his daughter as a wife to David, at a price which he thought David could not pay, he could not help despising himself for it and he knew that his servants would despise him.

The devil moved Saul to make a mean use of his own children to destroy the man he hated. He married Michal to David, knowing that she loved him, and then sent emissaries to murder him in her presence on his wedding night. He knew that she despised him for his treachery. He sought to compel Jonathan to conspire with him to murder the man who was his son's best friend. Thus the devil in Saul's heart made him lose his self-respect, dishonored him in the eyes of those under him, brought him into contempt with his children. From that point of degradation it was easy for the evil spirit to complete his ruin.

This is an ancient story which mirrors common experience. The spirit of envy and jealousy, when once it gets possession of a man, moves him obstinately to misjudge his best friends and to pervert their kindest purposes. It sets him to fear those whom he should love, to poison the minds of others concerning them, to degrade himself in trying to enlist their friends to join him in injuring them. "Jealousy is cruel as Sheol: the flashes thereof are flashes of fire."

But its worst effects are wrought on him who is possessed by it. He is eaten up by it as by a malignant cancer. Who that has watched the shifting eye and listened to the false ring of the voice of one who is maligning the friend whom he fears, has not pitied the man who reveals his meanness and hatred while he tries to ascribe it to another? Who is beyond danger from this subtle disease, ready to seize the husband against his wife and the wife against her husband, the minister against his comrade, the child against his playmate, as it seized Saul, who "eyed" David and was afraid of him "because Jehovah was with him and was departed from Saul?" "Envy is the rottenness of the bones." The prayer which Jesus taught his disciples is for every one, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the *evil One*."

*International Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 16. Text, 1 Sam. 18, 19. Saul Tries to Kill David.

For Endeavorers

PRAYER MEETING

BY REV. H. A. BRIDGMAN

Topic, Aug. 16-22. Lessons from Paul. How to Use Tact in Dealing with Men. 1 Cor. 9: 19-23.

Paul's tact grew out of his ability to put himself in another's place. Whether on Mar's Hill urging the acceptance of Christianity before an audience composed of philosophically-minded Greeks, or whether making his defense before King Agrippa, or talking to the jailor at Philippi, Paul sought to see things through the eyes of the persons addressed. This principle lies at the foundation of successful propagation of our Christian faith. Our missionaries in Japan, our social settlement workers in English and American cities are using it. It takes time and patience to learn how to think of God and the universe as the Oriental mind has thought for many centuries. It requires careful investigation to ascertain the measure of justice in the working man's plaint, but if we would help either of these types of persons, we must as Paul says, "become" for the time being what they are.

And for us who do not go on missions or pilgrimages the same law holds. Let us broaden the subject sufficiently to include beside the art of soul winning, that equally admirable art of working with others for the kingdom of God. How much tact a pastor, Christian Endeavor president or Sunday school superintendent needs in order to secure happy and harmonious activity on the part of those associated with him! He finds so many inert, dilatory, cantankerous people, and yet even with such material marvels may be accomplished. We have had some notable examples in public life of what tact may do—the late President McKinley and Governor Taft, for instance. Such men may be called opportunists, but the real statesman strives to adjust himself with those with whom he must work and if he cannot realize all his ideals, to go halfway on the road. For leadership in Christian work we need similar qualities.

Tact is related to and fostered by other native endowments, a sense of humor, for example, and breadth of sympathies. But after all it is the gospel at work in our lives producing sweetness, gentleness and charity that makes us effective in reaching and handling others. I heard of a woman the other day who has a singular influence for good over the president of a certain board of lady managers who is inclined to be extremely unprogressive, but this woman succeeds in enlisting her in forward movements. When I asked the secret, I was told about her lovely Christian character and her devotion to others. When you are really eager to "gain" your brother, you are not discouraged by the first rebuff nor the second, but press on to success.

There ought to be a little manual of "don'ts" for Christian workers. Here are one or two to begin with.

Don't talk a lingo which your brother does not understand.

Don't let your attitude savor of professionalism.

Don't proceed on the supposition that he is wholly bad or that he needs a scolding so much as a warm hand.

Don't pare down the gospel in order to make it acceptable.

Don't forget that your daily living commends or discounts the gospel in the eyes of those around you.

XUM

The Literature of the Day

Mr. Allen's New Story

Admirers of Mr. James Lane Allen's delicate workmanship, deep insight into character, moral enthusiasm and love of beauty, will not be disappointed in this story.* It is, indeed, the largest drama of life which he has yet given us. Its preoccupation with a question of casuistry in the relations of men and women does not prevent the gathering together of actors who are not mere types but real people, described with not a little quiet humor. Indeed, hero and heroine are, on the whole, the least interesting people in the book, owing to their submergence under the floods of sorrow let out by an ancient sin and its confession as a preliminary to a declaration of love.

Rowen Meredith's high sense of honor which compels him to preface his proposal of marriage by the story of an ended chapter of his own misdeeds suggests the meaning of Mr. Allen's rather too recondite title. In a fine passage the author tells us that he would like to see America distinguished for some one crowning and characteristic virtue—and that one, truth. We do not mean to argue the point of obligation, we can only suggest that it may sometimes be selfish for a man to clear his own conscience by sharing the knowledge of his sin with a woman who believes in him and is not concerned with his past. The ideal, of course, would be marriage in which neither husband nor wife had ever had a thought for another.

Readers will take sides on this question and the more judicious will probably agree that the duty of truth telling and true dealing are not always so simple as they appeared to Rowen Meredith, and that even such a sin as he confessed need not always so fearfully cloud a dozen lives.

Mr. Allen's women are conspicuously better than his men. Even the wicked old grandmother is drawn with remarkable skill and insight. But the heroine, as we have hinted, by reason of her moral preoccupation and sense of wrong, seems a little overstrained both in her forgiving and her unforgiving hours. The sketches of Kentucky life are idyllic and delightful and reward the reader, quite aside from the study of the difficult question which takes a foremost place in the book.

The Completed Encyclopedia Biblica†

The general character of the Encyclopedia Biblica has been described in our reviews of the previous volumes. The fourth volume completes a work projected several years ago, in which many eminent Biblical scholars have taken part. The first volume was issued in 1899. Some articles have been not only scholarly but reverent. The purpose of the work, however, which is hardly to be overlooked even in a cursory examination, is apparently to give friendly recognition to the most radical conjectures for which support can be found in any kind of Biblical exegesis, in archæology or linguistic research. Christian beliefs which have long been held precious have been called in question with an apparent indifference which seems sometimes to have been made prominent as an evidence of unbiased scholarship.

This fourth volume has fewer articles than the others which provoke dissent and irritation, but there still are more than enough. When Professor Van Manen says, in the article on Romans, that "no serious efforts to defend the genuineness of the epistle have as yet ever been attempted," "what is certain, at any rate, is that the canonical epistle is not by Paul," we see how little value that writer places on such scholars as R. D. Shaw, for example, who do not agree with him. Professor Schmidt of Cornell University, who contributes elaborate articles on "The Son of Man" and "Son of God," announces that "it is no longer necessary to prove that the words put upon the lips of Jesus cannot have been uttered by him." Professor Schmiedel contributes a labored article on the Resurrection for the purpose of showing that it can never be proved, but that an explanation of it may be found in subjective visions. Prof. G. F. Moore's excellent article on Sacrifice and the admirable treatise of Prof. George Adam Smith on Trade and Commerce are of a different sort.

The list of scholars contributing to these volumes, of which we have not space to give even specimen names, is catholic and of a high order. The characteristic feature of the work, which we believe will in a few years require a thorough revision if it is to retain its value as a book of reference, is the presentation of unproved speculations as bases of theories assumed to be generally accepted by Biblical scholars. Yet these volumes contain a vast deal of valuable information quite distinct from these theories. If a minister can have only one Bible dictionary we certainly should not recommend him to purchase this one. But as supplementary to other sources of information many teachers of the Bible will find this one of much value.

RELIGION

The Influence of Christianity upon National Character Illustrated by the Lives and Legends of the English Saints, by Wm. Holden Hutton, B. D. pp. 385. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.00.

A unique contribution to one aspect of apologetics, the effect of Christianity on national character. As Dr. Hulton sketches these picturesque figures among kings, statesmen, monks and hermits he convinces us that there was nothing strained or unreal in what he calls their "sweet plagiarism of the life of Christ." The whole meaning and value of the book is in this striking impression, which is aided by the scholarly use of sources. We smile, of course, at the inevitable tribute to Charles the First, but the story of Dunstan, Cuthbert and Becket is fascinating.

Christian Worship, by Mgr. L. Duchesne. pp. 559. E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York.

While this is the work of a historian and antiquary, the motives for the growth and changes in liturgical usage are made real. It is an explanation of the Catholic ceremonies as they were performed in the Latin churches of the West from the fourth to the ninth century. The diversity of form is traced as it preceded unity. The writer is disinclined to accept the Arian origin of the Gallican Liturgy. Theological terminology is avoided and the scope of the work restricted to the rites of a collective character or those transacted in the assembly of the whole church.

The Grace of Life, by Robert L. Ottley. pp. 229. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00 net.

These brief papers on the conduct of the Christian life were prepared by an English clergyman for an American religious journal. They show international influences also in the author's large acquaintance with the best American devotional and social studies and literature. They are thoughtful, suggestive and helpful, and we are glad to commend them to our readers who enjoy sound counsel and clear thought fittingly clothed in expressive English.

The Book of Books, by Wm. Evans, B. D. pp. 223. Bible Institute Colportage Association, Chicago.

Two sentences will indicate the character of this manual for Bible study: "The Old Testament is just as much the word of God as though God spake every single word of it with his own lips" [p. 16]. "Begin to study the Bible where God began to write it, at Genesis" [p. 148]. Those who thus view the Bible will find suggestions in this book which they will value highly. But as we understand the Bible these premises are not true and conclusions based on them will be distrusted.

The Creation of Matter, by Rev. W. Profelt. pp. 176. Chas. Scribner's Sons. Imported. $1.00 net.

Intended to meet the not uncommon materialism of amateur naturalists. The gist of the argument is drawn from the atomic theory, the order and adjustment revealed in the laws of chemical action and combination. The laws of light and sound and the ether in its relation to material molecules showing a world of most accurate intelligent measuring and the finest test of mind at last appearing in evolution of life from the elements. The truth of theism that mind is the producer not the product of development can be taught only in the domain of philosophy, and our auther being no metaphysician only uses the defects of the old design argument without reaching its real hidden logic.

VERSE

The Book of the Rose, by Chas. G. D. Roberts pp. 83. L. C. Page & Co. $1.00 net.

In the first part of this book Mr. Roberts sings of love and passionately enough to please the most exacting lover. A favorite image is:

> In her deep hair I hide my heart.

These love poems are good to make one young again. The second part of the book contains a variety of material, most of it touched with that feeling for the beautiful mysteriousness of the natural world which we have come to associate with Mr. Roberts's work. And his lyric gift holds the reader with its charm.

April Twilights, by Willa Sibert Cather. pp. 52. R. G. Badger, Boston. $1.00.

The author has the gift of song, and though the spirit here is loving and pathetic rather than robust and hopeful, verse that sings itself into our thought is always sure of a welcome. If Miss Cather will only encourage the upward and the outward look, and sing of the West she knows, and of real men and women, rather than moods and shadows, she may give us memorable work hereafter.

Young Ivy on Old Walls, by H. Arthur Powell. pp. 57. R. G. Badger, Boston. $1.00.

Many of these poems are good verse but hardly of the quality that thrills. Spiritually they rather mark time. They have a variety of themes, nature, literature, love and despair—or at best struggle. A more hopeful and strenuous inspiration might lead to more spirit-stirring work.

A Field of Folk, by Isabella Howe Fiske. pp. 67. Richard G. Badger, Boston. $1.00.

These are thoughtful verses, with a wide outlook on the things of the world and of the spirit. They are mostly brief, the author evidently taking kindly to the sonnet form and loving to mold her thought in small com-

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* The Mettle of the Pasture, by James Lane Allen. pp. 448. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

† Encyclopedia Biblica, edited by Rev. T. K. Cheyne, Litt. D., and J. Sutherland Black, LL. D. Vol. IV. Q to Z. Macmillan Co. $5.00 net.

pass. They spring out of cultivated soil and will appeal to cultivated people.

The Mothers, by Edward F. Hayward. pp. 27. R. G. Badger, Boston. 75 cents.

A dramatic poem suggested by a will which left to the town of Northborough, Mass., a sum of money to accumulate until the income could be used as a prize for the best mother. The committee, some of the mothers, visitors and a child who makes appeal for her own mother as the best in town, appear in the dialogues.

FICTION

The Under Dog, by F. Hopkinson Smith. pp. 332. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Thirteen short stories illustrating the pathos or the beauty of unsuccessful lives. The reader finds Mr. Smith's well-known characteristics—an eye for color, a sense of the value of the elementary virtues and an understanding that human sentiment is found among all sorts and conditions of men. Such reading tends to the improvement of readers as well as to their pleasure. The artistic merit and the interest of the stories vary greatly, but there is no poor work in the volume.

The Golden Kingdom, by Andrew Balfour. pp. 424. L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.

A marvelous tale of adventures, beginning in England and ending at the Cape of Good Hope. The manuscript of it purports to have been found by a surgeon in a Boer farmhouse during the war. The descriptions of scenery give evidence of a vivid imagination and yet of one who had seen much of what he describes. Here are bloodshed, battle and murder, hairbreadth escapes and encounters with wild animals and strange savage tribes, enough to satisfy the greatest demand for such excitement as stories of wonderful sights and deeds can give.

The Sacrifice of the Shannon, by W. Albert Hickman. pp. 323. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

A story written aboard the Canadian Government ice crusher in the Strait of Northumberland. The breaking of ice and the breaking of hearts are blended in a rather commonplace sensationalism. The book is written in the Nova Scotia dialect. There is little plot and the value of the descriptive passages alone deserves mention.

Man Overboard, by F. Marion Crawford. pp. 96. Macmillan Co. 50 cents.

An ingenious, though grewsome sailor's yarn, ending with a wedding and the drowning of the husband by the ghost of his dead brother.

Truth and a Woman, by Anna Robeson Brown. pp. 207. H. S. Stone & Co, Chicago.

An unconvincing attempt at tragedy, based on the difficulties arising from differences of religious belief. Apparently the author supposes that Christianity and honesty are incompatible.

The Siege of Youth, by Frances Charles. pp. 293. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

An attempt at depicting Bohemian life in San Francisco, which falls short of complete convincing power. Bohemians are merely unconventional men and women, and it is hard to imagine real men and women acting as some of those in this story do. There are a good many shrewd remarks and fine bits of description, but one lays down the volume with a sense of disappointment.

EDUCATION

First Lessons in United States History, by Edward Channing. pp. 260. Macmillan Co. 60 cents.

As a primer of our national history this is admirably well proportioned and everywhere seizes on the salient points and prominent characters which would appeal to the child. The illustrations are selected with the same care and purpose, some of them are gay with rather crude color, but they are just the thing for the end in view. Professor Channing has made a book which children will like and also profit by.

School Composition, by W. H. Maxwell, Ph. D., LL. D., and Emma L. Johnston. pp. 224. Am. Book Co. 50 cents.

A sensible book on an important subject, which wisely recognizes the fact that even a child's composition must not be aimed at the empty air, but must have a definite person or audience in view. The exercises are positive rather than corrective. Teachers will find it helpful for one of the most difficult of their tasks.

Tales from Wonderland, by Rudolph Baumbach. pp. 122. H. Lovell & Co., New York. 30 cents.

Wonder stories of Thuringia, famous in Germany and here adapted for the reading of American children. They have that combination of romance and simple life which imaginative children enjoy. The translation is by Helen B. Dole; they have been adapted by William S. M. Silber. Admirable for reading aloud.

Practical Arithmetic and Elements of Qualitative Analysis, by Wm. T. Ormiston. pp. 316. 187 Bible House, Constantinople.

Handbooks for instruction prepared by Professor Ormiston of Robert College, Constantinople and in use there. The arithmetic is in its second edition and uses the Turkish as well as metric weights and measures. The practical and clear method of the Qualitative Analysis would commend it to teachers. Both are interesting as specimens of the work done in English for and by the different races which meet for study at Robert College.

Les Miserables, by Victor Hugo. Abridged and edited by O. B. Super. pp. 349. D. C. Heath & Co.

A portrait, brief introduction and full notes are added to this abridgment of Hugo's great story. The print is not too fine and the whole is brought into manageable space for school use or private reading.

Zwischen Himmel und Erde, by Otto Ludwig, with introduction and notes by Edward Stockton Meyer. pp. 240. D. C. Heath & Co.

A famous German story, slightly abridged and carefully edited with biographical and critical introduction, for school use.

True Fairy Stories, by Mary E. Bakewell. pp. 152. Am. Book Co. 35 cents.

Moral tales, true in the sense of their didactic purpose, some of them original, some simplified from Andersen, for little children. They are prettily told and will help to make a good atmosphere for the thoughts of wee folks, but we should be sorry to have them replace the more robust classics of fairy lore.

Le Juif Polonais, by Erkmann-Chatrian, edited, etc., by Edward Manley. pp. 108. D. C. Heath & Co.

La Mere de la Marquise, by Edmond About, edited with notes and vocabulary by Murray P. Brush, Ph. D. pp. 168. D. C. Heath & Co.

Deacons

BY REV. WILBERT L. ANDERSON, EXETER, N. H.

A catalogue of the faults of deacons would not be without its uses, and its preparation from original sources is a literary temptation. There are reasons, however, why the pathology of deacons should not be opened to popular inspection and enjoyment. The church of the future will need deacons; it is therefore of the first importance to prevent an increase of reluctance to bear the honorable title. Whoever has witnessed the peculiar failure of the X-ray to adorn what it illuminates has resolved that it should never have a chance at his anatomy. Criticism has a similar effect. Candidates for the ministry are expected to come forward unhesitatingly, and it is remarkable that the invention of new search lights has so little deterrent effect upon them. It is not so safe to exploit the faults of the deacon; even now it is exceedingly difficult for many churches to fill the office.

But the writer refuses to prepare an inventory of defects for a better reason. He has had a peculiarly happy experience with deacons—an experience covering a full score of years in the pastorate. Truth has some rights, even against the critical passion. Of course if one has the genius of a promoter he can bring all the bad deacons of whom he has heard or read into a syndicate, and be able to crush out the unorganized good deacons; but stopping short of a monopoly it is difficult to accumulate facts enough to make an impressive generalization.

The writer has had but a small business in deacons, and courts no battle with a deacon trust that deals only in wholesale quantities. All told, he has had official relations with but a scant dozen; but he has given some attention to other small stocks, and has never found important defects. This, however, can be no guide to criticism on the colossal scale.

These deacons, equal in number to the apostles, furnished no Judas. There have been a Peter and a James and a John—a Bartholomew and a Lebbæus also. If asked to name suddenly the men who answer best to this apostolic likeness, deacons and none but deacons would come to mind. The only confusion would be due to two rival Peters and the frequent elevation of one James to the mystic height of John.

Deacons are of four kinds. There is the good man—blameless, faithful, conservative, supplying no enthusiasm, suggesting no aggression. There is the warm-hearted, impatient striver for the kingdom, who brings things to pass. There is the cautious administrator, with conscience like tables of stone, watchful, just, reliable. There is the mystic—deep seeing, aglow with love. And one there was, before God took him, who was sometimes these four kinds of deacon by turns, and sometimes all varieties compacted into a single excellence.

The faults of deacons are their virtues in excess—a point not always detected in the popular diagnosis. Negative character is an over-careful blamelessness; autocracy is zeal forgetful of its limit; severity is conscience untempered; intolerance is spiritual vision too sure of its range. Rarely is a deacon conspicuous for errors or defects which are not exaggerations of commendable qualities.

The tendency of the office, as distinct from the momentum of a character, is toward a fine expansion of the life. The deacon is identified with the church. His life is in an institution, broadening, strengthening as it develops. The minister comes and goes: the deacon stays. Even more than the pastor he feels the responsibility for the church, and that sense of responsibility enlarges his manhood.

The deacon stands between the minister and the congregation. Being part of the administration, his instinct is to defend it. He wards off hostility; he hears criticism only to deaden its sting; he smooths the way ere it becomes rough. He is the minister's most loyal ally. This practical training in sympathy is not less ennobling than the discipline of responsibility.

The chief duty of the deacon is incapable of formulation. Manuals of church government can never state it. It is well to frame the constitution so that deacons shall be members of the administrative board; yet parliamentary procedure in a legal meeting is a poor substitute for personal responsibility and sympathy. Because the function of the office is so intangible, it is easily misunderstood. The best deacon is simply a Christian raised to a higher power.

Maturity is desirable, but a deacon need not be old. Early manhood bears responsibility well; it is sympathetic; it can yield itself to the expansion of new services. Young men in their first maturity should be deacons for their own sake and for the sake of the church. Rotation in office is profitable, for it distributes the benefit and divides the privilege. Unhappily, few churches can supply the demand for a succession in this office.

It is most unfortunate that current witticisms detract from the appeal of an honorable position to young men, and that a common misapprehension makes the title undesired. While this condition remains it will be best not to use the official name as a personal title, except in the case of venerable men. From the office there should be no withdrawal. It is the choicest privilege of the church, the finest fruition of Christianity. To render this honored service, made illustrious by many splendid examples, should be the ambition of spiritual chivalry.

XUM

Old Home Week in Massachusetts

On the South Shore

South Shore people are suspicious of new comers, "foreigners" they call them, and of strange customs. No people on earth are more loyal to friends tried and proved. Last year Old Home Week was sparingly tested and found good. This year it has been enthusiastically adopted, and celebrated with thoroughness.

As the church came first in the colonial life of these ancient towns, so most of the celebrations appropriately opened with special services in the churches on Sunday. Next to the church stood the schoolhouse, next to the parson the schoolmaster of former days. In Kingston Monday was given over to the school children, who rode through the village on gayly decorated floats, wound the Maypole with ribbons, and danced on the village green.

The remainder of the week so happily begun was devoted to receptions, parades, banquets, oratory, sports and fireworks. Everywhere the people had made notable preparation for their guests. Cordial invitations had been sent to long lists of former residents, and each family asked its friends, young and old to come to the big celebration. They came, God bless them, the residents of former years, with their husbands and their wives, their sons and daughters and grandchildren; and we, their descendants and successors, rejoiced even more than they, for our joy was not tempered by the sadness of those who seek in vain for vanished landmarks and angel faces.

In some towns, collections of antique china and furniture were exhibited; in others the walls of the town hall were hung with the portraits of distinguished sons and daughters. The bay yielded its famous clams and lobsters for old fashioned clambakes on the shore, and picnics of every sort were in order. For sports there were ball games, yacht races and athletic contests. The evenings were given over to family reunions, gossip about the doings of children, balls, and to "ye olde folkes' syngyne meetynges."

The scenery is the same as in their childhood: much else is changed. The district schoolhouse is closed; the stage coach has given place to the electric car and the automobile. The railroad, the telephone and the newspaper keep us in touch with the world. As they toiled early and late to eke a modest living from the sandy soil, so we toil. As they learned self-reliance and went out to make their fortunes, so our boys and girls are now learning and are going forth to toil and to achieve. As the week slipped by and we came to know our guests more intimately, both they and we were surprised and gladdened to discover how much alike in character are the returning guests and their rising successors. Both have the same traits of Yankee shrewdness, Puritan honesty and Pilgrim openness of mind that have made the native of Massachusetts a marked man the world over.

In the corner of his car seat the departing guest muses: "They treated us most kindly and showed us every courtesy due our years. They awakened us at sunrise with their bells and cannon; the bands played in our honor; orators told all we have done and more; verses have been written about us; we have been feasted on dishes of which mother never dreamed; we have had seats on the platform; the fire departments have gotten very wet for our enjoyment, and the young people danced all night for our edification.

"Now we can rest in peace, for we know that our successors are active Americans. They are capable, likable people—and very tired people, too, we fear, as we are. But it's a healthy sort of weariness that comes from going back to the old town, stirring up our minds by way of remembrance, renewing old acquaintances, and testifying by our presence to the power of love for which Old Home Week stands—the love of friends, of home, of native soil, of country and of God."

E. M. B.

In the Connecticut Valley

Old Home Week began on Sunday morning, July 26, when the college chimes at Amherst rang out Home, Sweet Home. Speeches, parades and athletic sports, banquets, band concerts and fireworks marked its progress in many valley towns from Northfield to Granville. Where civic observance was lacking there were many appropriate sermons, notable among them that by Rev. Newton M. Hall of Springfield on the city's debt to the country.

Judged by size, Amherst and South Hadley were most successful; as to enthusiasm, every prodigal thought his own home fairest and best. As Governor Bates put it, "I have been interested to discover that there is not a town in Massachusetts that is not more beautiful than any other town in the state." Amherst, like other towns, welcomed a number of ex-pastors for morning sermons and gathered in a union service at night to listen to Dr. B. D. Hahn of Springfield. The ancient conch was dusted and used Tuesday morning to summon the citizens to the line of march. Over 1,100 old sons and daughters of the town registered. An unusual feature was the water athletics by the swimming club.

Northfield heard its principal address from a new settler, Rev. Campbell Morgan. Deerfield made use of the week to mark the bicentennial of the Indian massacre and to unveil in its memorial hall five tablets to as many victims, the gift in each case from a descendant of the honored sire. Ashfield marked with suitable tablet the site of its first meeting house, 1775, at Baptist Corner. Wilbraham, Palmer and Sunderland also had interesting celebrations.

South Hadley celebrated its 150th birthday with the governor and other notables in attendance; one daughter came from Hawaii. The civic festivities were divided between the villages, the Center having the oratory on Wednesday and the Falls the spectacular features next day. Congressman Gillett, President Woolley and Governor Bates were a strong trio of speakers.

LONG.

Other Anniversaries

HOLLISTON'S ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIFTH

First Church, Holliston, anticipated by three months the completion of its one hundred and seventy-fifth year, that its celebration might form a part of the town's Old Home Week observance. The afternoon and evening of July 30 were given to the formal anniversary exercises. Rev. R. K. Harlow, the honored pastor *emeritus* of the Medway church and now acting pastor at Holliston, presided, and Dr. F. A. Warfield of Milford, one of Holliston's best known sons, was historian.

The story was worth the telling. It began with the organization of the church in 1728 by eight men; one, the young pastor-elect, James Stone of Newton; the others, from the mother church of Sherborn, of which town Holliston, until 1724, had been a part. During its long life the church has maintained an unbroken record of fidelity to God and to men. No schism has crippled its usefulness. Fifteen pastors have ministered to it; and it, in turn, has given to the Christian ministry fifteen sons, of whom, beside Dr. Warfield, Rev. D. L. Kebbe of Granville and Rev. E. C. Whiting of Belmont took part in the commemoration.

Of the pastors still living only the latest, Rev. Nicholas Van der Pyl of Marblehead was able to be present. He was welcomed most cordially. His faithful, tactful, successful ministry of seven years had endeared him to the church; while his long and intelligent public service, especially as chairman of the school committee, repeatedly elected, and as president of the library commission, had won for him the friendship of the community.

The graves of five former pastors, and of two of the earliest deacons, in the burial ground near-by, were decorated by the church on anniversary day in loving recognition of their services. The ancient mahogany pulpit reclaimed for the day its place of honor, and on it was opened the still older Bible presented in 1728 by Thomas Hollis of London.

J. J. W.

NORTH ROCHESTER'S CENTURY AND A HALF

This church was organized in 1753. During the first thirty-seven years of its existence it was under the care of Rev. Thomas West. The other pastors have been: David Gurney; Calvin Chaddock, (1793-1805); Ichabod Plaisted; William Utley; Isaac Briggs, (1835-57); Otis Rockwood; J. R. Cushing; W. W. Baldwin; L. P. Atwood; William Leonard; R. T. Wilton; S. B. Andrews; John Graham; W. J. Carter; E. P. Greene; L. B. Withee; Caleb L. Rotch; J. P. Trowbridge since 1901.

The present meeting house, the third in which the parish have worshiped, was built in 1841, during the pastorate of "Elder" Briggs, who secured $2,000 for that purpose. The commodious parsonage is also the result of Mr. Briggs's efforts. There is no other church in the vicinity. Gov. Marcus Morton was a child of it.

The 150th anniversary was held on Tuesday and Wednesday of Old Home Week. The historical sermon was preached by the present pastor, and other addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. R. T. Wilton, Rufus Tobey, R. L. Rae, H. L. Brickett, R. Humphrey, William Carruthers, Mr. G. H. Shaw and Miss Mary Hall Leonard. The church was filled to overflowing at every service. A grand concert on Wednesday evening was considered the best musical entertainment ever given in the parish, and it is extremely doubtful if many towns in the state had a celebration that gave more real joy to residents and visitors alike.

P.

KINGSTON'S DIAMOND JUBILEE

The Mayflower Church carried out the happy thought of celebrating the seventy fifth anniversary of its organization as its contribution to Old Home Week. Invitations were sent to former pastors and members to be present at the diamond jubilee.

Bright and early Sunday morning the choir of former days gathered in the gallery for practice. At the sound of the bell the worshipers gathered from far and near to lift up their hearts to God in the sacred place of their early vows. Full and strong rang out the hymn, "I love thy kingdom, Lord." The music touched the hearts of those who remembered the struggles of the church amid early persecution and ridicule, and made the blessed forms of the vanished saints who bore the burden and the heat of those arduous days. Emotions grew stronger as their quavering voices sang on with the solemn air of those who in ancient days took the scarlet cross of the Crusades and sewed it to their breasts.

How attentive, even in the sultry heat of the burning day, were those for whom slumber is often a victorious tempter, while the young minister told once more the story of the handful of conscientious men and women who, in the days of the Unitarian division, left the church of their youth and of their fathers to begin anew without money, meeting house or pastor. As the story proceeded, those who had lived through the scenes shook off the burden of years, eyes gleamed with determination, shoulders were squared that long had drooped, and they were reliving the dear days of their lost youth. Names and records of the seven regularly settled pastors were recalled, but none called out such admiration and love, on the part of all who knew him, as that of Rev. Joseph Peckham, who for forty years ministered to this church and the whole region. He was a Christian gentleman of the old school, even of the school of Jesus.

The evening service was given over to the spirit of reminiscence always so strong on such occasions. When the day was over the church had taken fresh courage for its work for Christ, and former members and pastors returned to their homes thanking God that his blessing still rested on Mayflower Church.

B.

Record of the Week

Calls

ATKINSON, GEO. E., Etna Mills, Cal., to Campbell. Accepts, and is at work.

COLLINS, G. B., resumes work at Perry, Okl.

ELLIS, PROF. GEO. N., Olivet, Mich., to presidency of Tabor Coll., Tabor, Io. Accepts.

GILL, CHAS. O., Jericho, Vt., to Windham, Ct.

HADLEY, WILLIS A., Southbridge, Mass., accepts call to Second Ch., Keene, N. H.

LARKIN, PROF. WM. J., Tougaloo, Miss., to position in A. M. A. school in Texas. Accepts.

LODWICK, WM., to serve Ellington in connection with Shiocton, Wis. Accepts.

NEWCOMB, EDW. H., Second Ch., Biddeford, Me., to North Ch., Newburyport, Mass.

NEWTON, J. EDW., Eliot, Me., to Woolwich, with permission to study at Bowdoin Coll. Accepts.

NICHOLS, J. HENNIGAR, Alpha, Okl., to Gage.

PALMER, WILLARD H., Andover Sem., to Denmark and Hiram, Me. Accepts, and is at work.

SEARLES, H. CLAY, Weston, Vt., to Danby. Accepts.

SEYMOUR, CHAS. R., Second Ch., Bennington, Vt., accepts call to associate pastorate Broadway Tabernacle, New York, N. Y.

SINNETT, CHAS. N., Acton, Me., to Harvey, N. D. Accepts, and is at work.

SMITH, EDWIN R., Farmington, Me., to Pawtucket Ch., Lowell, Mass.

VAN ARSDALE, C. N., recently of Chicago, to work in the new town of Hurdsfield, N. D., with two outstations.

WRAGE, EDW. D., Columbia, Wn., to permanent pastorate, with $100 increase in salary.

WHITCOMB, WM. A., Spring Valley, Wis., to Raymond, while taking studies in Chicago Univ. Accepts.

WINDROSS, T. B., recently of Newfoundland, to Anamoose, N. D. Accepts, and is at work.

Resignations

BATES, JAS. A., S. Royalston, Mass., after five years' service.

DEROME, JULES A., Plankinton, S. D., to take effect on or before Oct. 17.

GOODWIN, SHERMAN, Orford and Orfordville, N. H., *not* Oxford and Oxfordville, N. Y., as recorded last week.

OLMSTEAD, JULIAN H., Tyndall and Bon Homme, S. D., closing a pastorate of six and a half years.

PEASE, CHAS, Long Beach, Cal.

PETERS, RICHARD, *declines to withdraw* resignation at Plymouth Ch., Binghamton, N. Y.

RUEGG, SAM'L G., Randolph, Wis., to take effect Aug. 30. From Stockbridge ch., which he also serves, he has leave of absence for a year for study and travel in Europe.

Stated Supplies

LANPHEAR, WALTER E., Geddes, S. D., at Essex, Ct., for four months.

TUPPER, LELAND E., Salina, Kan., at N. Craftsbury, Vt., for the summer.

Personals

BYINGTON, GEO. B., and wife, Westport, Mass., are spending a six weeks' vacation in the British Isles.

DECHMAN, ARTHUR, Groveland, Mass., has received an increase of $100 in salary.

MEAD, ELWELL O., Mt. Vernon, O., received from some of his parishioners $50 to add to his vacation pleasures.

PERKINS, HENRY M., Lyman, Me., has received a purse of $42 from church and people, "a token of esteem and sympathy in his recent bereavement" through the death of his daughter.

WEEDEN, CHAS. F., Central Ch., Lynn, sailed July 30, to fulfill a summer preaching appointment in Bradford, Eng. Before he left, his people presented him with a generous sum of money.

Churches Organized and Recognized

BIBB CITY, GA., a suburb of Columbus, 10 July, 13 members. Rev. Geo. W. Payne, pastor.

DRAKE, N. D., 16 July, 12 members.

LITCHVILLE, N. D., 19 July, 14 members. Gathered by Mr. S. Hitchcock of Chicago Sem., who is serving the church at Marion.

Anniversaries

CALUMET, MICH., *First*, Rev. A. L. Shear, minister. Thirtieth of organization, July 19. Attendance of charter members secured by sending carriages for those unable to walk. Morning service especially for old people. Benevolences in the three decades, $40,000; home expenses, $90,000.

Strengthening and Nourishing.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate a Tonic that strengthens and invigorates permanently.

OTISCO, N. Y., has issued a report of the proceedings of its centennial, celebrated last May.

Material Gain

ANTWERP, N. Y., Rev. Duncan MacGregor, pastor. Church and session room recarpeted and renovated during vacation. A cement walk has been laid in front of church and parsonage.

GOSHEN, CT., is making wise use of the income of the Griswold fund, about $1,000 per year. Instead of lessening their own contributions to pastoral support the people are using this income for permanent improvements. Last year they did needed work on the church building. This year they are renovating the parsonage.

PINE GROVE, ONT.—A beautiful new edifice opened, with a very small debt.

Gifts

BENNINGTON CENTRE, VT., *First.*—Hutchings-Votey organ, presented by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Robinson in memory of the father, John Fassett Robinson, deacon and choir leader. Dedicated July 1, with concert and organ recital by S. Archer Gibson, organist of Brick Presb. Ch., New York.

CHESTER, N. H.—From Mrs. Mary Tenney, wife of a former pastor, an individual communion service.

FRANKLIN, N. H., Orphans' Home: By the will of the late Mary A. Stevens of Enfield, $200.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., *Edgewood.*—Two organs and a piano.

Summer Announcements

BOSTON

Highland. Supplies: Aug. 9, Rev. J. E. Tuttle, D. D.; 16, Rev. J. W. Bradshaw, D. D.; 23, Rev. J. L. Jenkins, D. D.

Roslindale. Rev. J. S. Voorhees divides his vacation between the Berkshires and New Jersey. August supplies are: Rev. Messrs. J. B. Seabury, E. W. Snow, E. C. Ewing, A. B. Schmavonian, E. C. Webster.

NEW YORK CITY

Trinity and *Mt. Hope* unite with Presbyterian and Baptist churches, services to be held at Mt. Hope.

CHICAGO

First. Rev. J. W. Bailey supplies four Sundays in August.

Deaths

The charge for notices of deaths is twenty-five cents. Each additional line ten cents, counting eight words to a line. The money should be sent with the notice.

EMERSON—In Northampton, Mass., July 23, Mrs. Evelina P. Emerson, formerly of Wilton, N. H., aged 92 years.

Meetings and Events to Come

CHRISTIAN WORKERS' CONFERENCE, East Northfield, Mass., July 31—Aug. 18. Post-conference addresses Aug. 18—Sept. 21.

CONGREGATIONAL SUMMER ASSEMBLY, Pottawottamie Point, Mich., Aug. 15-31.

OLDER BOYS' CONFERENCE, Silver Bay, Lake George, N. Y., Aug. 28—Sept. 2.

GEORGIA SOUTHEAST DISTRICT ASSN., Wadley, Oct. 8.

AMERICAN BOARD, Manchester, N. H., Oct. 13-16.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, Cleveland, O., Oct. 20-22.

Catarrh

Whether it is of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, or more delicate organs, catarrh is always debilitating and should never fail of attention.

It is a discharge from the mucous membrane when kept in a state of inflammation by an impure, commonly scrofulous, condition of the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all forms of catarrh, radically and permanently—it removes the cause and overcomes all the effects. Get Hood's.

Never Neglect Constipation

It means too much misery and piling up of disease for all parts of the body. Death often starts with constipation. The clogging of the bowels forces poisons through the intestines into the blood. All sorts of diseases commence that way. Most common complaints are dyspepsia, indigestion, catarrh of the stomach, liver complaint, kidney trouble, headaches, etc. The bowels must be relieved, but not with cathartics or purgatives. They weaken and aggravate the disease. Use Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine instead. It is a tonic laxative of the highest order. It builds up and adds new strength and vigor. It assists the bowels to move themselves naturally and healthfully without medicine. One small dose a day will cure any case, and remove the cause of the trouble. It is not a patent nostrum. The list of ingredients goes with every package with explanation of their action. It is not simply a temporary relief, it is a permanent cure. Try it. A free sample bottle for the asking. Vernal Remedy Co., 122 Seneca Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

For sale by all leading druggists.

PACKING CHIFFONIERE

In the good old Summer time you need pack-away space and plenty of it. All the winter garments of the household, with the heavy blankets, outside wraps, etc., must be stored in drawers or chests.

For years we have sold Chests. Now for the first time we bring out a Packing Chiffonière. It is, as its name suggests, of extra large size and enormous capacity. There are seven deep drawers.

We build it straight and solid for the strict business in hand. No money is wasted on decorations, but there are paneled sides and easy sliding drawers. We guarantee the construction at a special price of $10 75.

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Our Readers' Forum

A Correction

In *The Congregationalist* for 11 July, page 46, there is a paragraph beginning, "The London *Examiner* indorses an earnest protest against Rev. R. J. Campbell's preaching of universal salvation." I write to say that the statement is entirely without foundation and to ask that you will be good enough to correct it. *B. Dennison, Sub Editor.*

[*The Congregationalist* asks pardon from its contemporary. The quotation in the paragraph referred to was from the *Christian*.—EDITORS.]

Why Committees Are Conservative

The Confessions of a Candidate, in your issue of July 18, might be read with profit by sitters in the pews generally, especially so if the pastorate is vacant.

If Peripatetikos had taken into his confidence almost any intelligent pewholder at the beginning of his candidating he might have been told that being a bachelor, enjoying a social cigar, belonging to a club, or paying more attention to the spirit than to the conventionalities, would lessen his chances of being "called."

Is this strange? Does not the bachelor minister have decided limitations? To what extent can he enter into the joys and sorrows of the home life of his parishioners? Phillips Brooks may be quoted, but there are few men like Phillips Brooks.

The social cigar may be entirely harmless, but how about the many mothers in the congregation who are trying to bring up their boys to leave tobacco alone?

Then the club. If the club stands for exclusiveness, if it is for the few, it is not strange that a feeling of resentment is in the hearts of the many who are shut out.

Again, is it not well for a public teacher to pay attention to both the spirit and the conventions, at least to do so during the process of education that teaches the spirit is more than the letter?

The writer has known good and true ministers whose influence was sadly marred by some of the very things that Peripatetikos evidently thinks should scarcely militate against the prospective pastor. And were he on a committee to fill a vacant pastorate, while no one of them would be fatal to a candidate, he could not but regard it as a disadvantage. RUSTICUS.

Germantown, Pa.

A movement for federating the universities of the British Empire, started in England by Sir Gilbert Parker, is very favorably received. At a recent dinner in London of the Allied Colonial Universities, Premier Balfour heartily approved of it, not only as a means of promoting sound learning, but sound patriotism. It is proposed to link together British universities with a view to the formation of colonial sections in school museums, to organized exchange of work already done, to nature study and history study in common, etc. President Harper of Chicago University, who is now in Europe, could give our English friends valuable points in the direction of university federation.

Canadian Jottings

The Maritime Union

The Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick met at Truro, July 16-20, the devotional spirit, evangelism and missions being as usual a marked feature of the program. Concurrence was taken in the debt-raising scheme now before the churches, and attention turned to the rapidly growing city of Sydney as a place for planting a church. Many Congregationalists from New England are believed to be among recent arrivals in that city.

The Sunday Question

The promoters of Sunday observance have received a set back by the decision of the Privy Council that the Ontario Lord's Day act is unconstitutional. The law goes back now to the statutes before Confederation which permit Sunday excursions and the running of electric cars. Dominion legislation will doubtless now be asked for.

Our Growing Time

The trade returns for the past six months show a wonderful growth, and are $43,000,000 in excess of the similar period last year, which was a record one in its great increase. The building of the Grand Trunk Railway, not only to the Pacific as already outlined, but to Moncton in the East, will tap a great area of new territory, and add incalculably to Canada's further growth and development.

J. P. G.

Christian News from Everywhere

A Bombay newspaper gives a list of ten Mohammedans bapt zed within the last eighteen months. One of them, a doctor, will go as a missionary to Persia.

Bishop Warne reports a change for the better both in temperance and morals among the American soldiers in Manila, but says that there is still much room for improvement.

Viscount Watanabe of Japan, a prominent statesman and a Buddhist, warns Christians against the idea that Christianity must be modified to meet the needs of Japan. One reason for the deterioration of Buddhism, he says, has been its modification to suit Japanese ideas. His conclusion is a striking testimony to the religious decay of his own faith, "I do not say that Buddhism is not a religion, but when I ask myself how many modern Buddhists there are that have religious life in their souls, I answer, None."

The fiftieth anniversary of the declaration of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary by Pope Pius IX. is to be celebrated next December. The late pope committed the arrangements to four cardinals in a letter in which he said, "At all times, and in all trials and persecutions, the church has had recourse to Mary, and in her has ever found solace and protection." It is hard to realize that the extreme Mariolatry which characterizes the Roman Catholic Church is in its present authority and intensity little more than half a century old.

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Only one dose a day, and a cure begins with the first dose. No matter how long or how much you have suffered you are certain of cure with one small dose a day of Drake's Palmetto Wine, and to convince you of this fact the Drake Formula Company, 24 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., will send a trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine, free and prepaid, to every reader of *The Congregationalist* who desires to make a thorough test of this splendid tonic Palmetto remedy. A postal card or letter will be your only expense.

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Four trains daily from Chicago, rate of $16 round trip throughout the summer; $20 round trip Chicago to Duluth.

Excellent daily train service to the various summer resorts of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan and Minnesota, the Hot Springs of South Dakota, the mountain resorts of Colorado and Utah, and to Yellowstone National Park, California, Oregon, Washington and Alaska.

Summer tourist rates in effect from Chicago and all points east. A series of booklets, one of which is descriptive of Colorado, another of California, and another entitled "Hints to Tourists for 1903," with detailed information regarding routes, rates and schedules will be promptly mailed upon application to

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NOW READY

The Serial which has been running in *The Congregationalist* and *The Interior*, entitled

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By DAVID N. BEACH

Pp. 397. With numerous illustrations by Charles Copeland. $1.50.

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New York BOSTON Chicago

Along the Connecticut

NEW HOMES

A council at Palmer, July 21, dismissed Rev. F. B. Harrison, commending him cordially to his new parish at Brantford, Ont., and without rising approved the choice of his successor, Rev. M. O. Patton, who was installed at the evening service, Rev. C. M. Clark of Haverhill preaching the sermon. Mr. Patton comes with a record of eight prosperous years at Prospect Street Church, Newburyport, and with a growing literary reputation.

Also from that end of the state comes Rev. Frank E Butler to assume the pastorate at South Hadley Falls. A graduate of Amherst and Hartford, Mr. Butler brings to this important field a wealth of experience gained in sixteen years at Housatonic, Mass., Carthage, Mo., and Union Church, South Weymouth. Hampden Conference anticipates much from these additions.

A little farther up the Connecticut, another Butler, Willis H., is locating at Edwards Church, Northampton, which called him some months ago. He comes from the opposite corner of the state, and preached his valedictory at Williamstown, July 26. Speaking of Butlers, there is another a little above these two, Rev. Edward P. of Sunderland, almost the dean and for many years the scribe of Franklin Conference, and president of the Laurel Park Chautauqua.

AWAY FROM HOME

Springfield pastors are for the most part on vacation. Dr. Goodspeed is abroad for three months, and the assistant pastor, Rev. Howard Mudie, is in full charge of First Church. Dr. Moxom, also, is abroad, and the South is closed for August. Drs. W. E. Barton of Oak Park and F. E. Dewhurst of Chicago supplied in July. Dr. Hadlock is in Maine and New Hampshire, Mr. Hall in Connecticut and New York, and Mr. Kilbon in the Berkshires; their churches—Olivet, North and Park—being closed. Dr. Woodrow is at Cottage City, and among the supplies at Hope are Drs. J. L. Scudder of Jersey City and G. E. Martin of Lowell. Emmanuel has a program of candidating for summer diversion. LONG.

The London *Times* has word of an outbreak n Persia against the Babis, the members of the reforming Mohammedan sect founded in 1843. It occurred in the city of Yezd and lasted for two days with every form of massacre and outrage.

CHANGE

Quit Coffee and Got Well.

A woman's coffee experience is interesting. "For two weeks at a time I have taken no food but skim milk, for solid food would ferment and cause such a pressure of gas and such distress that I could hardly breathe at times, also excrutiating pain and heart palpitation and all the time I was so nervous and restless.

"From childhood up I had been a coffee and tea drinker, and for the past 20 years I have been trying different physicians but could get only temporary relief. Then I read an article telling how some one had been cured by leaving off coffee and drinking Postum and it seemed so pleasant just to read about good health I decided to try Postum in place of coffee.

"I made the change from coffee to Postum and such a change there is in me that I don't feel like the same person. We all found Postum delicious and like it better than coffee. My health now is wonderfully good.

"As soon as I made the shift from coffee to Postum I got better and now all of my troubles are gone. I am fleshy, my food assimilates, the pressure in the chest and palpitation are all gone, my bowels are regular, have no more stomach trouble and my headaches are gone. Remember I did not use medicines at all—just left off coffee and drank Postum steadily." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Send to the Co. for particulars by mail of extension of time on the $7,500.00 ocoks contest for 735 money prizes.

Summer in Cleveland Churches

Dr. Steiner, just from Russia and the Life of Tolstoi, supplies at Euclid Avenue. Dr. Hiatt lives at Kelley's Island. Rev. Rufus Apthorp supplies First in August. Dr. Morgan Wood planned to lecture at eleven Chautauqua Assemblies and to preach every Sunday, but, just as he was about to begin this program, he was stricken with typhoid fever and taken to Lakeside Hospital. Plymouth is open Sunday mornings. At Pilgrim everything goes on except the Sunday school. Mr. Rothrock has already had his vacation, at St. Ignace, and Dr. Mills now goes to New England. Grace maintains morning service in August, and Rev. E. T. MacMahon goes East. At Bethlehem Mr. Prucha and Mrs. Mills stay by for the summer. Dr. Schauffler has reached London on his European trip. Mr. Whitlock goes to Canada the last of August. Mr. Dietrich of Highland makes short trips away on his yacht. The second service is a vesper, with occasional union in the outdoor meetings on the West Side. Mr. George of Trinity goes to Georgian Bay. The church keeps up morning service, and for the second meeting unites, as does Euclid Avenue, in the open air service, at 4 o'clock, in Wade Park. Mr. Musil, at Cyril, has had student help, and remains at work for the summer. At North Church Mr. Lemmon is doing a great work in building, and cannot think of vacation. Mr. Swartz of East Church and the City Missionary Society took his rest early, in California, and returned to work Aug. 1. For four Sundays of his absence, the deacons levied on the ministerial church members, Drs. Ladd and Fraser, and Rev. Messrs. G. R. Berry and W. D. Gray for one Sunday each. J. G. F.

Comity in Washington State

An event of unusual promise for our denomination in eastern Washington was the dedication, July 19, of a beautiful new house of worship at Dayton, Wn.

For several years the old building has been inadequate, and its location near the railroad has been a source of annoyance. Through the hearty co-operation of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, the lot occupied by the latter society, very centrally situated, was sold to the Congregationalists, and a considerable number of Presbyterians united both in the financial and spiritual support of our church.

A tasteful and convenient house of worship, built upon a foundation of native stone, has been erected at a cost of over $8,000, including site. The plan is of a rectangular auditorium with two wide alcoves, one separated by a rolling door to be used for a prayer meeting room. With these side rooms the church will seat nearly 400. The pews are of oak, and a Brussels carpet has been given by the Ladies' "Halpine" Society, at a cost of $400. The church is lighted by electricity. The basement will be used for Sunday school and social purposes. Three impressive memorial windows have been placed: one in memory of Mr. George Echler, a former resident; another by the Endeavor Society, and a third in honor of the pastors: Rev. E. W. Allen, Rev. E. R. Loomis, President Penrose of Whitman College, Rev. Messrs. F. B. Doane, M. B. Morris and J. D. Jones.

The dedication sermon was preached by Pres. S. B. L. Penrose, D. D., on The Open Door of the Church. An interdenominational service included the pastors of other local churches, and Dr. Van Patten, the former pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, brought his greetings to the church that so many of his members have helped to build. In the evening a Congregational rally was held, with addresses by Rev. Messrs. Austin Rice and W. W. Scudder, Jr., superintendent of home missions. The dedication prayer was by Rev. Samuel Greene, state superintendent of Sunday school work.

The church was dedicated free from debt, a result largely due to the rare courage and practical wisdom of Rev. J. D. Jones, who has had good success in winning the confidence and enlisting the support of business and professional men. As Dayton is the county seat, it is hoped that this enthusiastic forward step will mark an increase in the strength of Congregationalism throughout Columbia County. A. R.

. . . Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
. . . . . .
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

—*Aubrey Thomas de Vere.*

Eczema

Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Itch, Acne or other skin troubles, promptly relieved and cured by

Hydrozone

This scientific germicide, which is harmless, **cures by killing disease germs. Used and endorsed by the medical profession everywhere.** Sold by leading druggists. If not at yours, send 25 cents for a trial bottle. The genuine bears my signature. Accept no substitutes. Address

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RUB ON **Painkiller** and the Rheumatism's gone.

Southern California's Metropolitan Temple

An event of special interest to Congregationalists in southern California has been the dedication of the new house of worship of First Church, Los Angeles. It is no easy problem for the metropolitan church in a city which has of late years been growing more rapidly than any other in the United States to keep pace with the need for ever larger accommodations. In its brief life of thirty-five years it has had to build four structures, each larger than its predecessor. The last of these, seating 1,400, has just been completed and dedicated after four days of special services, in which the leading denominations of the city joined.

The building is in the fourteenth century Gothic style, its large tower modeled after the famous one of Magdalen College, Oxford. The internal arrangements are marvelously complete, the parish building, for example, containing twenty classrooms, for the use of the Bible school and the Endeavor Societies. The acoustic properties of the auditorium are perfect, and the whole edifice, without lavish expenditure or ostentatious decoration, is richly harmonious and restful to the eye. The cost was about $102,000, and the church, thanks to the strenuous, self-sacrificing endeavors of the two pastors, is free of debt.

The achievement is notable for a church organization without large wealth and which for many years has been heavily burdened with the debt left over from its last building. This was recognized in the dedication services, and a well-deserved tribute of love and honor was paid by the city pastors to Dr. W. F. Day—now pastor *emeritus*—who has given himself unsparingly to his people and to every good work, and whose labors are now crowned with this complete equipment for service on the part of the church to which he has ministered. His son, Rev. William Horace Day, now the pastor, is deeply interested in all forms of social work, and will emphasize social and institutional features of church life. Few churches in the West have a wider field of influence. H. K.

Suggestive Sermon Topics

CHAPTERS IN THE LIFE OF JOSEPH

The Dreams of Youth—Air Castles.
The Pit Experience—The Day Which Determines Future Weal or Woe.
Pushing to the Front—The Upward Steps in Life.
The Climax Reached—The Day when Hopes and Dreams are Realized.
The Brothers Again and the Changing of the Scenes—The Reverses of Life.
Retribution—The Seamy Side of Life.
Joseph and His Father—The Tender and Beautiful Side.
Rev. W. H Hopkins. *Denver, Col.*

SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS OF CHRISTIAN TRUTH

The Judgments of History:
Personalities as World Forces—The Inflexibility of the Moral Order—Religion as an Historical Asset for Life and Work.
The Economic New Birth:
The Transformation of Political Science—Faith as a Social Solvent—Through Humanity to God.
The Ultimate Lessons of Biology:
The Costliness of Life—The Revelation of Pain—Persistence through Sacrifice.
The Open Doors of Psychology:
The Pursuit of Selfhood—The Stream of Life and the Conscious Unit—The Continuous New Birth
The Unchallenged Foundations of Ethics:
The Moral Nature of All Interrogation—The Futility of Conduct without Spirituality—God, the Source and End of Moral Thought.
Dr. A. A. Berle. *Chicago, Ill.*

SPIRITUAL THRIFT

The Cake that Needed Turning.
The Ax that Needed Whetting.
The Field that Needed Weeding.
The Bag that Needed Mending.
Rev. R. W. Brokaw. *Utica, N. Y.*

THE PILGRIMS AND THEIR SUCCESSORS

In England—Persecution.
In Plymouth—Exile.
In Boston—Progress.
In Salem—Delusion.
In Cambridge—Education.
In Lexington—Liberty.
In Concord - Literature.
In West Roxbury (Brook Farm)—Communism.
In Rutland ("The Cradle of Ohio")—Expansion.
C. O. Grieshaber. *Shelby, Mich.*

The Right of Way.
Every Man His Own Prophet.
Standard Weight.
The Ear-Marks of Service.
The Expensiveness of Sin.
On the Road—an address to the "Gideons."
The Plus Sign in Character.
Rev. J. W. Bailey. *Fort Wayne, Ind.*

GREAT CHARACTERS AND THEIR LIFE TEACHINGS

Phillips Brooks—Optimist, Preacher.
Charles Kingsley—The Christian Socialist and the Man.
George William Curtis—The Great Independent.
Florence Nightingale—The Pioneer Nurse.
Horace Mann—Educational Reformer.
Marcus Aurelius—The Moral Hero of Pagan Antiquity.
Abraham Lincoln—The Man of the People.
Ralph Waldo Emerson—The Seer.
Under the auspices of First Church, Bennington, Vt.
Rev. Warren Morse, Minister.

The Eclipse of a Soul.
Divorce between God and Man.

FOUR CURRENT QUESTIONS

Can a consistent Christian be successful in business?

Did Jesus say anything which will help us solve the conditions which array capital and labor against each other?

What is the most serious defect in the life and work of the average church of Christ? How can it be removed?

What is the greatest peril that threatens the American people? How may it be averted?

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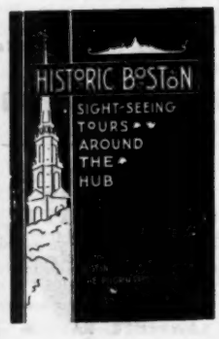

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